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No. 6.

KUNKEL'S

MUSICAL REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

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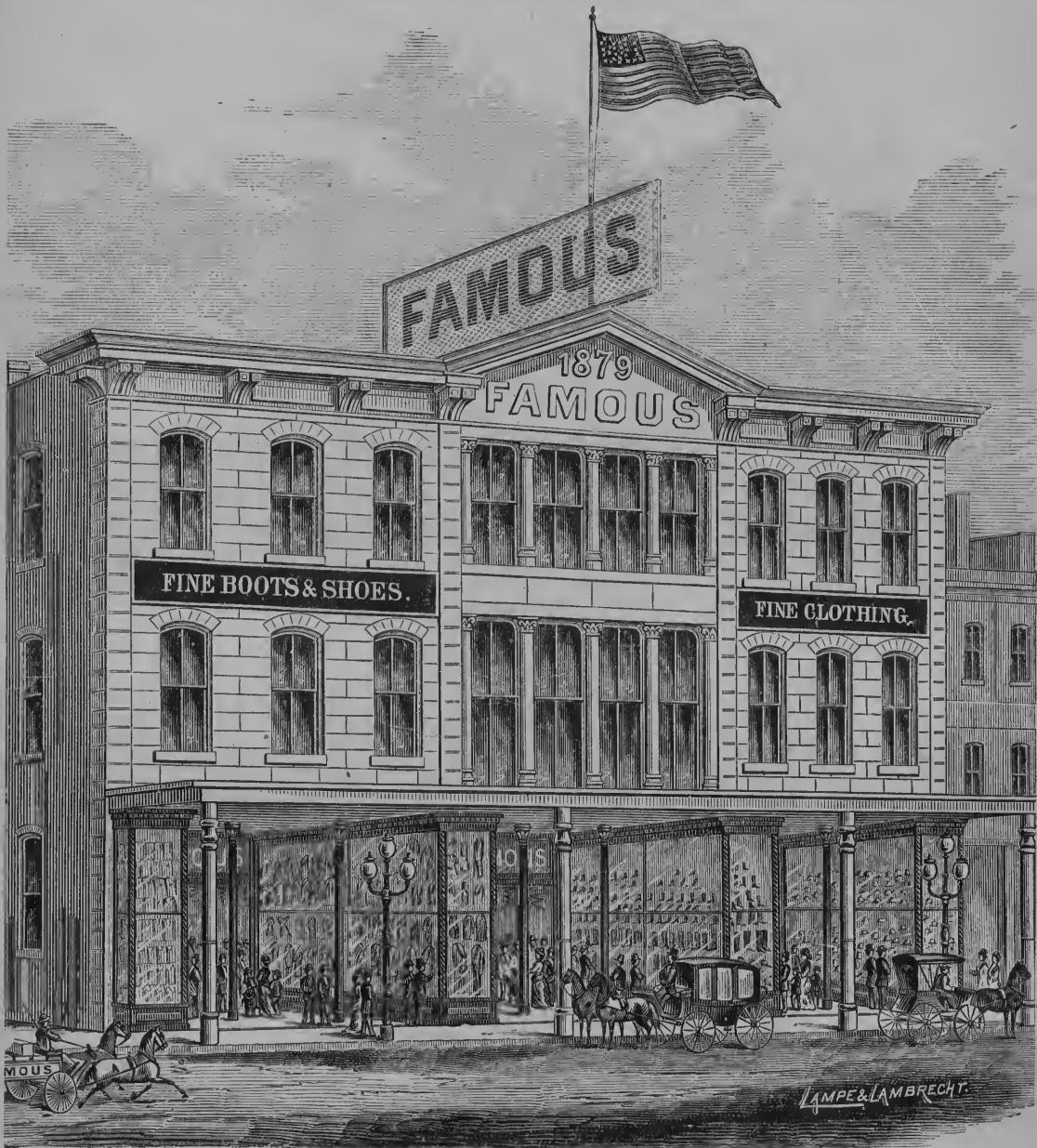
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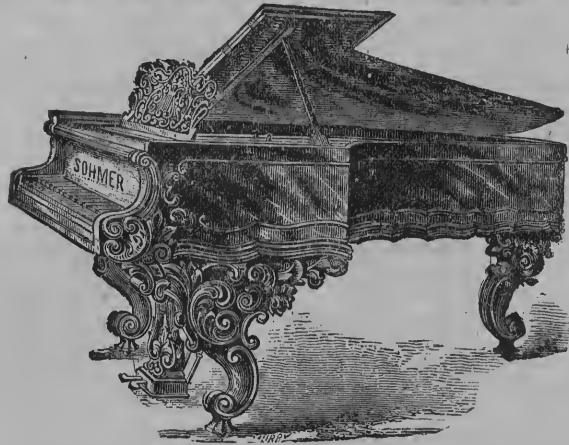
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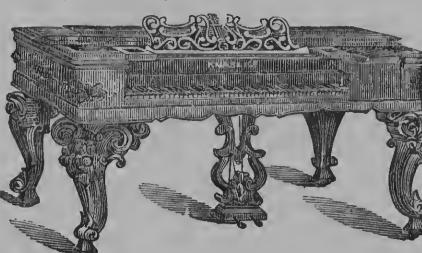
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KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

A JOURNAL

Devoted to Music, Art, Literature and the Drama.

VOL. II.

ST. LOUIS, FEBRUARY, 1880.

No. 6.

MY CIGARETTE.

My cigarette! The amulet
That charms afar unrest and sorrow;
The magic wand that, fair beyond
To-day, can conjure up to-morrow,
Like love's desire, thy crown of fire
So softly with the twilight blending.
And ah! it seems, a poet's dreams
Are in thy wreaths of smoke ascending.

My cigarette! Can I forget
How Kate and I, in sunny weather,
Sat in the shade the elm trees made,
And rolled the fragrant weed together?
I, at her side, beatiest,
To hold and guide her fingers willing;
She, rolling slow the paper's snow,
Putting my heart in with the filling.

My cigarette! I see her yet—
The white smoke from her red lips curling,
Her dreaming eyes, her soft replies,
Her gentle sighs, her laughter purring!
Ah, dainty roll, whose parting soul
Elbs out in many a snowy bellow,
I, too, would burn if I could earn
Upon her lips so sweet a pillow!

Ah, cigarette! The gay coquette
Has long forgot the flames she lighted,
And you and I unthinking by
Alike are thrown, alike are slighted.
The darkness gathers fast without,
A raindrop on my window plashes;
My cigarette and heart are out,
And naught is left me but their ashes?

—Harvard Crimson.

COMICAL CHORDS.

A PIECE congress—A quilting party.

AVOID organ swells—they put on airs.

ODE to a money lender—"Meet me a loan."

THE mission of the piano agent—commission.

THE largest ant is the eleph-ant, and the worst uncle the carb-uncle.

BABIES will enjoy three hundred and sixty-six holler days this year.

YOU cannot catch fish with a elari-net, nor get any marrow out of a tropi-bone.

WHEN eats give a concert from the top of a wall, it isn't to the cat we object; but the waul.

"DARLING, it's bedtime. All the chickens have gone to bed."
"Yes, mamma, and so has the old hen."

OF course our readers understand that our "Comical Chords" are mostly made up of sheer nonsense.

THE man who never smelt powder is the fellow who never held his nose close to a woman's check.

"MIKE did you ever catch frogs?" "Yes sorr." "What did you bait with?" "Bate 'em wid a sltck, sorr."

"If you find the piano is not your forte, try some other instrument—the jewsharp or triangle, for instance."

WHY is a person listening to Wagner's Trilogy like an unfortunate adventurer? Because he seeks for tune in vain.

ALWAYS stick to the right pitch; if you are a violinist, make your own fiddlestieck, unless you are out of beaux at the time.

THE poet who sang, "I'm sailing o'er the brine knee deep," was evidently a timid man, and afraid to venture far from the shore.

SHE was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him, but woman-like, strove to catch him. He was a flea.

THE small boy who reached up the chimney for another Christmas present said he found something there that sooted him.

A YOUNG woman who once sang so divinely, "Oh, had I the wings of a dove," has since married. She is now glad to get a chicken leg.

YOU may get plenty of notes from an orchestra, although it don't go alone, but has a leader; generally a very fast man, for he beats time.

"IF I have to speak to you again, children, I shall punish some of you." "Well, then," said Tot, "I'd advise you to hold in your speak."

WHERE do we find the earliest mention of a free admission to the theatre? When Joseph was led into the pit by his brethren for nothing.

AN Illinois postmaster gives notice as follows: "After this date everybody must lick their own postage stamps, for my tongue's give out."

AT a fashionable wedding in a New York city, as the bridal procession was passing up the aisle, the organist struck up, "Beware! she's fooling thee."

"ON, DEAR! whom shall I marry?" said Dora, the gay soprano "Do-r(a)e me," sang the tenor. "Oh, no!" said she: "you're a minor, and I want a major."

"WHAT quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stubbins. Nice room for a donkey to get into." "Make yourself at home," she responded with sweet gravity.

LANDLADY (fiercely)—"You musn't occupy that bed with your bo'sts on." Boarder—"Never mind; they're an old pair. I guess the bugs wont hurt 'em. Let 'em rip anyhow."

PUZZLING—New curate (to country sexton)—"Squire Hodge has a large family, I suppose?" "Bless ye, no, sir, not at all. None of them Hodges had ever any family—it's hereditary."

SMALL GIRL—"When I die I shall be singing with the angels;" (and after a thoughtful pause) "but I don't think I shall sing much, for I don't know but a song or two in 'Pinafore'."

"WHEN I wath a little boy," lisped a society man to a young lady, "all my ideath in life were theentered on being a clown;" "Well, there is at least one ease of gratified ambition," was the sharp reply.

"DIS case has been ferry ably argued on both sides, and dare have been some ferrry nice points of law brought up. I shall dake dree days to consider these points, but I shall eventually decide for de plaintiff."

SAID one of society's smart ornaments to a lady friend: "This is leap year, and I suppose you will be asking some one to marry you?" "Oh, no!" was the reply; "my finances won't permit me to support a husband."

AN old cynic at a concert one night read in the programme the title of a song, "Oh, Give me a Cot in the Valley I Love." Reading it over attentively, the old fellow finally growled: "Well if I had my choice, I should ask for a bedstead."

JIMMY, my boy, take these eggs to the store, and if you can't get a quarter bring them back." The boy went as directed, and came back saying, "Father it takes me to make a trade. They all wanted them at forty cents, but I screwed them down to twenty-five."

NINCUMPOOPIANA, (Surfeited with an excess of "cultchah," Prigsby and his friends are now going in for extreme simpliety.) Prigsby—"I considah the words of 'Little Bo-peep' freshah, loveliah and more subtle than anything Shelley evah wrote," Muffington—"Quite so. And Sehuberth nevalh composed anythin' quite so preeious as the tune." (Tries to hum it.) Chorus—"How supreme."

NOT long ago an Irishman applied to an overseer in a Tyne shipyard to be put on to a job. He was informed that he could not comply with his request, but as Pat continued to gaze earnestly at an anchor which was lying in the vicinity, the foreman repeated his reply that there was no work for him and advised him to go away. "Devil a bit will I storn, sorr," replied Pat, "till I see the man that's going to use that pick!"

Kunkel's Musical Review.

ST. LOUIS, MO.,

FEBRUARY, 1880.

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IF ANY of our subscribers have failed to receive any of the numbers of the REVIEW, or should do so in the future, they will greatly oblige us by informing us of the fact, so that we may be enabled to trace the fault to its proper source.

SCHOOLS, and teachers, wishing to become familiar with our publications, will receive any they may wish to see for selection, and they can return them, if they are not suited to their wants. Remember, we publish nothing but good music, such as every teacher should introduce into his class. Good music elevates the taste.

NO ONE interested in music and musical literature ought to be without KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW. It is the best and cheapest musical paper published. The publishers invite comparison with similar publications. Send for sample copies—they are free. Show your friends our card at the head of Publishers' Column, page 88.

SOME weeks ago the editor of the *Musical and Dramatic Times* and *Music Trade Review* published a hastily written private letter of our Mr. Charles Kunkel, which gave offence to certain persons mentioned therein. When Mr. Kunkel wrote deprecating its publication and stating that the letter was of a private nature, Mr. Freund replied in substance: "You lie, you villain!" Freund is now a defaulter and fugitive from justice, and those whom he fleeced out of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, as well as his former subscribers and the public at large, can easily determine who was most worthy of faith, Freund or Kunkel.

AS WE go to press, two operas have been given, in St. Louis, by Her Majesty's Opera Company, under the management of Col. Mapleson. We reserve for our next number a more extended and critical notice of the series of operas now being given by this troupe. We cannot, however, let this opportunity pass to say that this company is of the first class; that the orchestra and chorus (elements so often neglected in this country) are by far the best which we have listened to for a long time, and that the operas we have heard have been most artistically rendered. Our readers in the

cities which Col. Mapleson will visit, must not fail to give him a hearty support, not for his sake, but for their own. They will surely get their money's worth.

CULTURE FOR MUSICIANS.

We have, in previous articles, urged the advisability of giving to music an honorable position in every scheme of liberal education; in this, we propose to advocate the converse of this proposition: the desirableness for the professional musician of culture, outside of his profession.

We need but to look about us to be convinced that a large proportion of the professional musicians of to-day are deficient in general culture, and we need but to listen to hear the majority of this class speak of a liberal education as quite useless, if not positively injurious to high excellence in the art of music. As most of these are "professors" of music, having in hand the musical education of the youth, it is to be feared that they may inculcate these erroneous notions in the minds of those of their pupils who look forward to music as their chosen life-work, and desire to make the best possible preparation for its successful prosecution.

Let not those of our young readers who are looking forward to music as their profession be deceived. It is true that the civilization of to-day demands of every man who would attain to eminence and influence in any profession, that he shall be a specialist, but it is not the less true that he must be more than a specialist; he must, at the same time, be a man of broad views and liberal culture. The musician, for instance, must be a specialist, thoroughly acquainted with the science and art of music, for only so can he take an advanced position among those of his own profession, and enrich with new scientific researches, or with worthy compositions, the store of knowledge and beauty of his fellow-men. But he must also be a man of broad views and liberal culture, for thus only can he put himself into sympathy with the living spirit of the age. The man who knows many things but nothing thoroughly, and the man who knows but one thing, however well, must both be content to march in the rear ranks of modern society.

"But," some one asks, "of what earthly use can the study and knowledge of philology, literature, physics or metaphysics, be to the musician? What relation can there be between them and a musical composition?"

We answer: To the musician who aspires to be more than a musical journeyman, they will be of just the same utility as they are to the lawyer, the physician or the clergyman, who aspires to be intellectually more than a tradesman in law, medicine or theology. The educated musician may but seldom have occasion to make a direct use of his knowledge of these sciences, but, in the first place, as we have already hinted, this knowledge will enable him to be in sympathy with the culture and thought of the age; it will increase the respect for him as a man and as an artist, and thus indirectly enhance the respect for

his art. Socially, this culture, united to proper morals, will cause him to be regarded and received as a gentleman.

But more important still do we consider the mental training which will have been obtained in the study of these sciences. There may be no direct connection between eonic sections and a fugue, but we do insist there is a connection between the habits of thought, of system and reasoning cultivated in the mind of the author of the fugue by his study of eonic sections, which must indirectly react upon his musical work. In the conscientious pursuit of a liberal education, one acquires the power of close attention and concentration, without which protracted mental labor is sure to be abortive, if, indeed, it be possible; one's logical and critical powers are cultivated and enlarged, and therefore, on the one hand, the cultured man is better able to judge intelligently of the works of others, and, on the other, he, necessarily forms higher and truer ideals for his own. Culture cannot give genius, but it can direct it, and even genius needs direction. If you doubt it, ask those who claim that a musician needs only genius, inspiration or what not, to mention to you a few great composers who were not also men of broad culture! If they cannot do it, are you not somewhat presumptuous in supposing that you will be an exception to the rule and that you will attain eminence without culture, save in the narrow field of musical art?

NEWSPAPER CRITICISM.

It is safe to say that the average American gets four-fifths of his information, upon all subjects whatever, from the newspaper. He has not, it is true, that respect for editorial opinion expressed in "leaders," which the European generally has; he usually thinks himself competent to form his own opinions; but still he looks to the newspaper to furnish him the facts upon which to base them. Now, the human mind is so constituted, that when it is called upon to pass a judgment upon matters with which it is unfamiliar, it is disposed, and indeed compelled, to lean upon external authority, and to take as facts the opinions and conclusions of others. The coroner's jury before whom a *post mortem* examination is held, when that is the only evidence before them as to the cause of death, not having had the necessary training to enable them to form an opinion from the appearances of the corpse, can form no opinion upon them; they can only register the opinions of the experts as to the cause of death, but these opinions, right or wrong, they adopt as facts, upon which they base their verdict. This is a homely illustration of what always happens when a course of previous study or experience is necessary to enable one to draw conclusions from given facts.

The newspaper claims to be an expert upon all subjects, physical or metaphysical, and while the public may not acknowledge its claims when it treats of politics, morals or other questions with which the average citizen is supposed to be familiar, its *dictum* is more than likely to be accepted as authority in matters of

science and art. It would seem that the press, conscious of its power in these matters, should recognize its responsibility in the premises and be extremely careful (as becomes a public teacher) of its statements in reference to that class of subjects. It is to be regretted, however, that, supposing themselves safe from detection at the hands of the public, newspapers, as a rule, have not scrupled to abuse the confidence which the public at large must perceive rest upon them. This is nowhere more apparent than in the matter of musical criticism. The notices of musical performances are often gauged by the amount of advertising patronage than by the merits of the performers; the critical column is made an echo of the advertising department, and this is done systematically. St. Louis papers are probably no worse than others, but we know that the musical and dramatic critic on one of these was distinctly told by its managers that they did not expect him to write honest criticisms; what was wanted was complimentary notices in most cases, and a blizzard now and then for some unfortunate who had not learned the cash value of printers' ink. The result is that this gentleman usually sits at home and writes glowing notices of performances he has neither seen nor heard.

Adjectives are cheap and surely cannot mean much, when the same critical columns announce each passing artist "the greatest." How many "greatest" pianists has the St. Louis public listened to during the present season, if we are to believe the newspaper press?

But our newspaper critic makes as free with reputations as he does with adjectives. One of our morning dailies not very long since asserted that a local amateur, a good enough pianist to be sure, had shown in a concert which she had just given at Mercantile Library Hall, "that she had nothing to lose in a comparison with Josef and Satter." We need not here state that such an assertion was inherently absurd, what we wish to emphasize, as showing the recklessness of this venerable sheet in its criticisms, is the fact, that this statement was made and published before Satter had struck a note in public in St. Louis, and by a paper, not one of whose staff, so far as known, had ever heard him anywhere.

The result of this policy is in every way disastrous. The intelligent public have learned that but little, if any, reliance can be put in newspaper criticisms, and read with equal indifference the praise and condemnation which the press mete out so arbitrarily (or rather so systematically, but upon a wrong system) to both home and foreign musical enterprises. In this way the plan largely defeats itself. But still, for all persons the critical columns of most newspapers conceal instead of revealing the truth, and for the unthinking masses they are a source of constant error.

Has not the day come when music in this great country should be treated otherwise than are patent medicines? We think that the time has long since been here, and we insist that a healthy public opinion ought to take hold of this matter and compel the larger press to be just and fearless as well as competent in musical matters, or to leave them quite alone.

Music.

Never is a nation finished while it wants the grace of art;
Use must borrow robes from beauty, life must rise above the mire.

For Kunkel's Musical Review.

LINES TO A DEPARTING FRIEND.

Yes, Friendship mourns within my saddened heart
To think that we, dear —, now must part;
And scarce can I, by semblance fair of cheer
And forced smiles, disguise the welling tear;
For fairest flow'rs (The saying 's old, but true!)
The soonest droop and lose their lovely hue,
And heart-blooms too, fair as the rose of May,
Nipped in the bud, may wither in a day.
But still, where'er thou may'st chance to go,
'Neath tropic sun or 'mid the Arctic snow,
I'll not forget, a faithful friend I'll be,
And e'er invoke Heav'n's choicest gifts on thee.
I'll ask that He, who with His mighty hand
Made myriad worlds, yet shaped each grain of sand,
Who rules the hosts of angels in His might,
Yet condescends to note the sparrow's flight,
Guard thee from harm, thy spirit gently guide
Far from the paths of folly and of pride.

Friend, as thou sail'st o'er life's tempestuous sea,
As erst the twelve on that of Galilee;
When loudly howl the demons of the storm,
And darkness hides from sight each loved form;
May His sweet voice, while yet the billows rage,
Say "Peace, be still!" the tempest's wrath assuage;
Calm all thy fears, and, out of thickest night,
Bring forth for thee bright rays of heav'nly light.
And when, at last, the toilsome voyage o'er,
Thou moor'st thy bark upon th' eternal shore,
Unto His throne may angels lead thy soul
Whilst through the heav'n's sublime their anthems roll.

I. D. F.

HARMONY LESSONS—No. 6.

BY WALDEMAR MALMENE.

Perhaps there is no branch of a musical education more difficult to give instruction in than the theory of Music in relation to "Harmony"; it is a specialty, and although we have many teachers who profess to be learned in "Harmony" and therefore give instruction, yet very few can boast of being *successful*. The difficulty arises, first, from a want of *proper* qualification of the teacher, and, secondly, from a lack of due preparation on the part of the pupil.

It requires a proper mental training on both sides. Most teachers are only *book learned*, i. e. they have studied "Harmony" according to one particular method, they have mastered certain technical phrases and expect their pupils to learn the same by rote. The moment the pupil is unable to comprehend these mystical words and asks certain questions, the teacher is as much dumbfounded as the pupil.

The experience of many years teaching, and the opportunity of coming in contact with pupils who were taught by teachers who profess great learning, must be pleaded as an excuse for appearing verbose and for repeating certain things which from previous explanations might appear unnecessary.

A retrospective glance is therefore deemed at present necessary:

What is a chord?

A combination of two or more sounds.

What is the root of a chord?

That note from which a chord is derived.

What is a triad or common chord?

A root with its third and fifth.

How many different triads are there?

Major, minor, augmented and diminished triads.

What is a major triad?

It consists of a major third and perfect fifths.

How many major triads are there in a major scale?

Three; upon the first, fourth and fifth degrees.

How many major triads in the minor scale?

Two; upon the fifth and sixth degrees.

What is a minor triad?

It consists of minor third and perfect fifth.

How many minor triads in the major scale?
Three; upon the second, third and sixth degrees.

How many minor triads in the minor scale?

Two; upon the first and fourth degrees.

What is an augmented triad?

It consists of a major third and augmented fifth.

Where is it to be found?

Upon the third degree of the minor scale; e. g., in a minor c-e-g sharp.

What is a diminished triad?

It consists of a minor third and diminished fifth.

Where is it to be found?

Upon the seventh degree in a major scale and upon the second and seventh degrees of the minor scale.

What are the diatonic notes or sounds?

Such sounds as belong to the scale or key according to the signatures of sharps and flats.

What are chromatic sounds or notes?

Those sounds introduced in the course of a piece, or in a chord, which do not belong to the diatonic progression of the scale according to the signature.

Explain the word "enharmonic."

When sounds are identical (according to the equal temperament) in pitch although differing in name, as d sharp and e flat.

What is a modulation?

To pass from one key to another.

What is an "enharmonic" modulation?

When the chord through the exchange of names appears as a new chord; f sharp, a sharp and c sharp would become g flat, b flat and d flat by means of an enharmonic change or modulation.

What is a concord?

A combination of sounds, which sounding complete and satisfactory among each other, can be taken or quitted without suggesting that anything must necessarily follow. All major and minor triads are concords.

By what names do we distinguish the different degrees of the scale?

The following names correspond to the seven degrees in their respective order, beginning with the first sound in the scale: Tonic, Supertonic, Mediant, Subdominant, Dominant, Submediant, and Leading Tonic.

In what respect is the inversion of intervals useful?

As a thorough knowledge of the *exact* character of intervals is indispensable, and as it is troublesome to reckon up all the steps and halfsteps of distant intervals, in this respect it is convenient to invert the distant lying intervals, thereby bringing them to such close proximity, that the eye, with a little practice, is able at once to determine exactly the interval.

Upon what basis does inversion rest?

The following table will demonstrate it:

An Octave	becomes	by inversion	a Unison.
A Seventh	"	"	" Second.
A Sixth	"	"	" Third.
A Fifth	"	"	" Fourth.
A Fourth	"	"	" Fifth.
A Third	"	"	" Sixth.
A Second	"	"	" Seventh.
A Prime (Unison)	"	"	" Octave.

What is the rule which can be applied for the more definite determination of these intervals?

A major interval becomes minor by inversion, a diminished interval becomes augmented by inversion, and vice versa.

Give an example of the usefulness of the inversion of intervals.

To many it would be difficult to decide at once whether from c to b is a major or minor seventh; however by inversion we find b to c is a minor second, hence the seventh from c to b is a major seventh.



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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY WALDEMAR MALMENE.

On their return to Leipsic, he gave up the editorship of the *Musical Journal*, which he had conducted for ten years, in order, as he said, to devote all his time to the study of music and composition; but his failing health was undoubtedly the prime cause of this change. The first symptoms of mental disease showed themselves. After a short rest from mental exertion he partially recovered, and a period of astonishing and unnatural productivity marks the time from 1847 to 1849. In 1850 he accepted the appointment as Director of Music in Dusseldorf, which Ferdinand Hiller had held until his departure for Cologne. His services as conductor did not prove satisfactory; not only his inadequacy to control the orchestra and chorus, but also his negligence to attend rehearsals, forced the committee, very reluctantly, to relieve him of his duties in 1853. All who knew him could easily see that his indifference was caused by returning symptoms of mental disorder. In order to recruit his failing strength and revive his mental faculties, he undertook, with his wife, a trip through Holland at the close of the year 1853, which benefited him very much. They were everywhere cordially received, and nothing delighted Schumann more than to hear his symphonies performed in the most artistic manner. The improvement was but of short duration, his mental hallucinations returned in the worst form. On the 27th of February, 1854, he was engaged in a friendly conversation with his physician and another friend, when he suddenly left the room. As some time had elapsed, and Schumann did not return, considerable anxiety was manifested, which increased when he could not be found in the house. Soon the news was brought that poor Schumann had attempted suicide by drowning, but had been rescued by some fishermen. He was taken to the private hospital of Dr. Rieharz, at Edenich, near Bonn, where he died the 29th of July, 1856. Schumann's melancholy death aroused, naturally, the sympathy of all true friends of Art. The learned account of the *post mortem* examination made by Dr. Rieharz threw considerable light upon the cause and peculiar symptoms of the disease. From it we gather that it was "Ossification of the base of the brain and abnormal development of the normal projections as a new formation of irregular masses of bone, which partially pierce the external hard covering of the brain with their sharp points, also a considerable consumption of the brain." Causes over which he had no control, and not brought on by excess of any kind as is often the case with artists. Excessive mental studies and overwork helped, no doubt, to accelerate the disease, which may be described as hereditary. His sister Emilie had been afflicted with melancholy which manifested itself by unmistakable signs of quiet madness; she died in her twentieth year. Dr. Rieharz mentions as symptoms closely connected with the diseased mental faculties: "difficulty of enunciation, melancholy, although the spirits are generally light, sad forebodings, secret delusions, refusal of homage due to him, etc., etc." How often did he not manifest these in the course of his life?

We will now speak of the merits of his compositions, although the large number of them prevents us from entering into full details. As an instrumental composer he is one of the most prominent since the death of Beethoven. He wrote seven Overtures and four Symphonies, all of which are characterized by originality of ideas. That his earlier productions show the want of knowledge of musical form cannot be denied; his nature disdained the restraint of form. Schumann himself was well aware of this defect, and hence adopted the free or fantasia style in them; but he diligently pursued his studies in form, and his later works prove with what success. His originality of

ideas amply atones for the absence of conventional forms. Chopin, Schubert and Beethoven exercised no small influence in his productions. We find in him rather a representative of the lyric than the dramatic school, in which his genius reveals itself in the most diversified manner. The pathetic stands in bold contrast with the humorous. This is noticeable as well in his songs as in his instrumental works, although in the former the sentimental and melancholy tone prevails. But with what richness of harmony and characteristic development has he not adorned the accompaniments to his songs! Each of them presents an original feature, the study of which will repay the intelligent student. That his songs are not more popular, lies in the fact that Schumann was no singer, and unacquainted with the principles of voice management, they mostly require voices of extraordinary compass who have as much power in the upper notes as in the lower; such voices are, of course, rare.

The humorous and fanciful element of his nature, which loved to play tricks upon his friends, may in a measure account for such instrumental works as the following: "The Papillons" (op. 2) dedicated to his three sisters-in-law, Theresa, Emilie and Rosalie. "David Buendler Danecs" (op. 6) in which he sought to contrast the romantic and the humorous. The idea arose from the signatures of certain articles in his *Musical Gazette*, which he wrote himself under this assumed name. "Carnival, scenes mignonnes sur quatre notes" (op. 9), where the characters represented are Florestan, Eusebius, Chopin, Chiarina, Estrella and Paganini, among whom glide the typical masqueraders, Pierrot, Harlequin, Pantaloons and Columbine. "The Kreisieriana" (op. 16), was intended to depict the sufferings of Kapelmeister Kreisler, as portrayed in a novel by Hoffmann. "The Carnival Strains from Vienna" (op. 26), is one of the most successful efforts to represent Carnival life. All these works strongly represent Schumann's peculiarities as regards rhythm, harmony, and his own style of execution.

Schumann is a representative of the lyric rather than of the dramatic school, in proof of which we have not only his numerous songs and his abstract instrumental works, but also his two great lyrical Cantatas, "Paradise and the Peri," words by Thomas Moore, and "The Pilgrimage of the Rose." The sentiment of the poetry of these works would not of course admit of any dramatic treatment in the music. His four symphonies are justly cherished, considering the difficulty he had of mastering the theory of musical form; on this point he wrote to Meinardus: "If a man wants to compose in free forms, he must first master those binding and current in all ages." The era of his symphonic writings dates from 1841, in which year he composed his B flat major Symphony, but, he received the idea in 1839, in which year he wrote to his friend Heinrich Dorn as follows: " * * * * and then there is nothing of mine to be heard but symphonies. I often feel tempted to crush my piano, it is too narrow for my thoughts. I have really very little practice in orchestral music now, still I hope to master it." He did master it in a manner that astonished his friends. His D minor Symphony was not finished till 1851, although commenced in 1841. The great E flat major Symphony (op. 97), has been styled "The Rhenish," the subjects of which suggested themselves during his visit to Cologne, at the festivities given in honor to the Archbishop of Cologne, von Geissel, who was raised to the rank of Cardinal.

Of his compositions for the piano, with accompaniment of other instruments, the most popular is the Quartette (op. 47), and the Quintette (op. 44); the latter is superior to any similar work of his contemporaries. Three String Quartettes for two Violins, Viola and Violincello (op. 41), are highly interesting.

His attempts at opera proved a failure. The story of Byron's "Manfred" interested him deeply; it seemed as if he was attracted to the fate of the hero

by a singular foreboding of his own sad end. The work consists of an overture and fifteen numbers; the failure of it may be attributed to the subject-matter, which is revolting in its nature. It was only attempted at one theatre. An opera, "Gencieve," which was commenced in 1847 and finished in 1848, could not prove a success, as it was not well adapted for a dramatic performance. An attempt was made to produce it at the Leipsic theatre in 1850, under his own direction, but three representations were enough to convince him of the above fact. In the same year he selected part of Goethe's "Faust" for a dramatic composition, which is justly acknowledged as one of the most successful of his attempts; the choruses, especially, being very forcible and dramatic. However, as the different numbers are scattered scenes taken from the play, having no connection with each other, it is not fit for perfect performance, though the "Epilogue in Heaven" has often been performed as a Cantata.

A complete analysis of all his works cannot be given in an article intended only for a biographical sketch.

See our offer of premiums to subscribers, in Publishers' Column, page 88.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE PIRATES."

The libretto of "The Pirates of Penzance," by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, (author of the text of "Pinafore"), abounds in characteristically humorous points. We excerpt the following:

Frederic, who is about to give up the life of a pirate and follow a respectable profession, appeals to a bevy of young ladies, for assistance, as follows:

"Oh, is there not one maiden here
Who does not feel the moral beauty
Of making worldly interest
Subordinate to sense of duty?
Who would not give up willingly
All matrimonial ambition
To rescue such an one as I
From his unfortunate condition?

Frederic is in despair, when *Mabel* comes forward and offers to aid him in his reformation. The pirates then arrive and threaten to marry the young ladies, through the agency of

"A doctor of divinity
Who resides in the vicinity,"

When *Mabel* warns them:

"Hold monsters! Ere your pirate caravansery
Proceeds, against our will, to wed us all,
Pray bear in mind that we are wards in chancery,
And father is a major-general!"

The major-general enters and sings:

"I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's;
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for paradox;
I quote, in elegiacs, all the crimes of Heliogabalus,
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolus.
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dowes and Zofianies,
I know the croaking chorus from the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes.
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's din
afore,
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, 'Pinafore'.
I can write you out a washing bill in Babylonian cuneiform,
And tell you all the details of Caractacus' uniform.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern major-general!"

A body of police sing:

When the foeman bares his steel,
ALL (trumpeting):— Tarantara, tarantara!
We uncomfortable feel: Tarantara!
ALL— And we find the wisest thing, Tarantara, tarantara!
ALL— Is to slap our chests and sing, Tarantara!
ALL— For when threatened with *emeutes*, Tarantara, tarantara!
ALL— And your heart is in your boots, Tarantara!
ALL— There is nothing brings it round Tarantara, tarantara!
ALL— Like the trumpet's martial sound, Tarantara!

And afterwards:

SERG.—When the enterprising burglar's not a burgling—not a burgling;
ALL— SERG.—When the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime— pied in crime,
ALL— SERG.—He loves to hear the little brook a gurgling— brook a gurgling,
ALL— SERG.—And listen to the merry village chime— village chime.
ALL— SERG.—When the coster's finished jumping on his mother— on his mother,
ALL— SERG.—He loves to lie a basking in the sun— in the sun;
ALL— SERG.—Ah, take one consideration with another— with another,
ALL— SERG.—The policeman's lot is not a happy one— happy one?
ALL—

There is a struggle between the pirates and police, the ease of the latter being almost hopeless, yet the sergeant of police has a last resource:

SERG.—To gain a brief advantage you've contrived,
But your proud triumph will not be long-lived!
KING—Don't say you're orphans, for we know that game.
SERG.—On your allegiance we've a stronger claim,
We charge you yield in Queen Victoria's name!

This is an appeal that no Englishman, not even a pirate, can resist. The king and his crew at once surrender.

KING—We yield at once, with humbled mien,
Because, with all our faults, we love our Queen.

The General orders them to be marched off in custody, when *Ruth* enters.

RUTH—One moment; let me tell you who they are—
They are no members of the common throng,
They are all noblemen who have gone wrong!

This announcement has an electrical effect on the General and the police, who at once kneel in homage at the feet of their late foes.

GENERAL—No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,
Because, with all our faults we love our House of Peers

He begs them to resume their ranks and legislative duties, and at once consents to their marriage with his daughters.

Popularizing Bach.

The name of Bach need no longer strike terror into the hearts of country choral societies, or cause concert givers to shrug their shoulders before they admit any Bach music to their programmes. The two comic cantatas recently introduced to an English public by Mr. Samuel Reay, at the Bow and Bromley Institute, are well within the reach of an average choral class, and will not only be congenial to the performers but highly pleasing to the audience. Bach, a classic of the straightest sect of the contrapuntists, will become through these cantatas as popular as Rossini, and the change thus wrought in the popular estimation of Bach will be far greater than most people would be led to expect.—*London Musical Standard*.

How Cherubini Gently Broke Bad News.

A singer of rare excellence presented himself before a jury of musical experts once upon a time. His voice was admirable, but not more admirable than his method; unhappily the young artist was grotesquely, hideously deformed. The artist jurors glanced at each other and instantly decided not to award a prize to such a monstrosity. "Let me break the news to him," said Cherubini kindly, "I'll let him understand it gently—sugar the pill for him." So the young artist was sent to Cherubini's room. To him Cherubini said: "My dear friend, what a voice you have! Splendid—magnificent! All the jury say that they never heard anything like it in all their lives; they're wild with enthusiasm." The young artist's heart swells with pride. "Only," says Cherubini, "they can't give you a prize, you understand—they ain't running a monkey show!"—*XIXme Siecle*.

Jean Paul's Operatic Fantasies.

WHAT DISTINGUISHED PIANISTS, COMPOSERS AND TEACHERS SAY THEREOF.

ST. LOUIS, October 18th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gentlemen:—I take pleasure in expressing my gratification as to Jean Paul's "Operatic Fantasies," solos and duets, published by your house. They are the best and most effective operatic fantasies of moderate difficulty, intended for the average pupil, that have ever come under my notice.

Teachers wishing good teaching pieces, which at the same time treat popular operatic airs, will I am sure give these compositions a most hearty welcome. The typography and correctness cannot be surpassed. As yet I have not been able to find a single oversight of any kind.

The superior fingering throughout the fantasies is another feature that cannot be too highly recommended, and it is bound to be appreciated by all conscientious teachers, as this important art is generally neglected by composers.

Yours truly, ROBERT GOLDBECK.

ST. LOUIS, October 27th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gentlemen:—With all the wealth of great and noble productions which the different periods and forms of musical art have contributed to the pianoforte literature there is a deficiency in some of its departments. Composers have almost completely ignored the wants of that numerous class of players who have attained to a considerable degree of mechanical development by prolonged practice of studies, exercises and compositions of more serious character, and who naturally wish for some lighter music, selections from operas, etc., suitable for home and parlor entertainment. True, there is a multitude of potpourris and fantasias, so called; but they are in most instances the effusions of musical penny-a-liners, clumsily transcribed, without the knowledge of musical laws and technical requirements, degrading in their tendency and ruinous in their influence.

The publication of your Operatic Fantasies, by Jean Paul, is to be considered in many regards an event of importance, as the great amount of knowledge and practical experience which the author has deposited in his work must prove a most valuable addition to the scanty material of a much-neglected musical sphere. Without wishing to enumerate the very many excellent traits of these Fantasies, I am sure that amateurs will not be slow in discovering their great attractiveness, and that teachers will immediately recognize their euphonious effectiveness and pedagogical features, such as systematic fingering, correct setting adapted to the peculiarities of the instrument, and will admire the cleverness of the author who offers useful technical material in a most interesting musical gurb.

I feel confident that this opinion will in a very short space of time be endorsed by a unanimous popular verdict.

I am, very truly yours,
FRANZ BAUSEMER.

CHICAGO, October 27th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gentlemen:—I have just examined a series of Opera Fantasies, edited by your house, which seem to me to till a want long felt. It is to be hoped that the old-time Potponnris of Cramer and Beyer, already becoming obsolete, will be driven out entirely by just such fantasias. I have already taken occasion to compliment your editions. What I said then applies equally to these works, which are by their complete fingering and phrasing especially adapted for teaching purposes. There is no squeamishness observable about the use of the thumb on black keys, and a change of fingers at a recurrence of the same note. The duets are real four-hand pieces and not simply a treble arrangement with a baby bass to it. I hope that the prevalence of foreign fingering will induce you to issue an edition in which it is used. Almost anybody can write difficult music, but Mr. Jean Paul seems to have conquered the art of writing easy music as well.

Believe me yours truly, EMIL LIEBLING.

NEW YORK, November 28th, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. KUNKEL:—

After a careful examination of the "Operatic Fantasies," by Jean Paul, you left with me, it gives me pleasure to state that I find them very effectively and musically arranged. I cheerfully recommend them to my friends and to those of the profession who are not acquainted with them. The excellent fingering, phrasing and typographical beauty will especially commend them.

JULIA RIVE-KING.

NEW YORK, November 26th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROTHERS:—

Gentlemen:—I am charmed with Jean Paul's new Operatic Fantasies on *Fatinitza*, *Trovatore* and *Pinafore*. Do not fail to supply me with the remaining numbers of the series as fast as they are issued. They are superior to anything of the sort I have seen. I have long needed just such pieces for teaching purposes without being able to obtain them. Accept my thanks and congratulations. Yours very truly,

CHARLES FRADEL.

NEW YORK, November 28th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROTHERS:—

Dear Sirs:—I have played and thoroughly examined the excellent Fantasies of "Il Trovatore," "Fatinitza," and "H. M. S. Pinafore," etc., from the new set of Operatic Fantasies by Jean Paul, published by you. I must say that I consider them most pianoforte-like and musical. I think they supply a want long felt by teachers, and, in my opinion, no teacher ought to be without them.

Respectfully,

S. B. MILLS.

ST. LOUIS, October 22d, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

I have carefully examined the new Operatic Fantasies, *Il Trovatore* and *Pinafore*, as solos and duets, and think Jean Paul has added fresh laurels to his already well established fame as a popular writer. The airs are very pleasingly and effectively arranged; players of moderate ability can have no difficulty to learn them.

A very commendable feature of these editions is the careful fingering to be noticed in every measure whereby the pupil, in the study, and the teacher, in the teaching thereof, is much assisted. I heartily recommend them to my friends and the profession.

WALDEMAR MALMENE.

CHICAGO, October 25th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gents:—With great pleasure I have played over some of Jean Paul's Operatic Fantasies, published by you, and found them superior to any that have been hitherto in the market. Both by their effective arrangements and choice selections of melodies, still evading very difficult passages, they are made accessible to the bulk of piano pupils. Please send me your different Fantasies as soon as published. Very respectfully,

H. WOLFSONN.

ST. LOUIS, October 23d, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gentlemen:—I have with pleasure perused the Fantasies of *Il Trovatore*, *Fatinitza* and *H. M. S. Pinafore*, both as solos and duets, from the new set of Operatic Fantasies by Jean Paul, published by your house. I unhesitatingly pronounce them the most beautiful, practical and effective Operatic Fantasies now in existence, suitable to the wants of the average pupil.

Their typographical beauty, correctness of fingering throughout every measure (to the value of which every teacher will certify), and their general correctness could certainly not be surpassed.

I am sure they must soon become the favorite set of Operatic Fantasies of the profession, for wheresoever they are once heard they can unfold their banner with the proud motto, *Veni, vidi, vici*. Please send me the different Fantasies as they are issued.

Very truly yours, MARCUS I. EPSTEIN,
Teacher of Piano and Harmony at the
Beethoven Conservatory of Music.

I heartily concur in the above.

A. EPSTEIN.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE, OHIO, Oct. 19th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gents:—I received the Fantasies—*H. M. S. Pinafore* and *Fatinitza*—of the new set of Operatic Fantasies, by Jean Paul, which you have just published. They are arranged in an unusually pleasing and instructive manner, bringing out the principal melodies clearly and yet with such embellishments of accompaniment as suggest other effects and ideas than do those miserable scribblings of airs from these operas that flood the land.

One who has heard *H. M. S. Pinafore* performed immediately finds himself sailing "the ocean blue," presently little Buttercup comes on board with her quaint song, the bell trio suggests that lively scene, and lastly he is worked up to an enthusiastic spell—more particularly if there is any British blood in his veins—by the spirited strains of "He is an Englishman."

The *Fatinitza* Fantasy introduces "Now up, away," "Chime ye bells," the waltz song, "Ah! see how surprised he is," and "March forward fearlessly," making a good and well wrought out selection of the best airs from this favorite opera.

The exact tempo, indicated by the metronome marks, is quite an assistance to those who have "never," or "hardly ever," been present at a performance of said operas, as in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the original effects are completely lost by wrong *tempo*.

The correct fingering throughout every measure, is another feature deserving the greatest praise.

These Fantasies by Jean Paul are, without exception the best pianoforte arrangements of *H. M. S. Pinafore* and *Fatinitza* I have seen yet.

Yours truly, WM. ARMSTRONG.

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CARL WELS,
C. JEROME HOPKINS,
HENRY C. TIMM,
MAX MARETZEK, Director of the
Italian Opera,

GEO. W. MORGAN, Organist of Grace
Church,
CARL BERGMANN, Conductor of the
Academy of Music and Philharmonic
Society.
WILLIE B. PAPE, Pianist to H. R. H.
the Princess of Wales,
WILLIAM MASON,
J. N. PATTISON,
ALFRED H. PEASE,
F. VON BREUNING,
THEODORE SCHREINER,
KARL KLAUSER,

E. MUZIO,
FRANK GILDER,
BRUNO WOLLENHAUPT,
CHARLES KUNKEL,
FRED. BRANDIES,
CARL ANSCHUTZ, Director of the
German Opera,
SAMUEL P. WARREN, Organist of
All Souls' Church,
THEO. EISFIELD, Conductor of the New
York and Brooklyn Philharmonic Con-
certs,
Dr. HENRY S. CUTLER.

Miscellaneous.

For Kunkel's Musical Review.

VINETA.

TRANSLATED BY MARIA FREILIGRATH AND FRANK SILLER.

I.
From the sea's abyss come softly stealing
Chimes of evening bells subdued and slow,
Wondrously to those above revealing
That old wondertown, which lies below.
Sunken lie beneath the restless ocean
Now its ruins buried in the deep;
From its battlements with ceaseless motion
Golden sparklets to the surface leap.
If a sailor sees the magic gleaming
In the splendor of the sunset sky,
He will ever seek it, idly dreaming,
Though surrounding it the dark cliffs lie.

II.
From my bosom's depth come softly stealing,
Like a chime of bells subdued and low,
Recollections and a strange revealing
Of the love, that dwelt there long ago.
Sunken lies a lovely world there hidden,
But its ruins, deep within my heart,
Often send celestial sparks unbidden,
Which in visions to the surface dart.
Then in the abyss I fain would plunge me,
Through the leaping sparks sink deeply down,
For I feel, as though the angels called me,—
Called me to the fair old wondertown.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

TAMBERLIK has been singing in Malaga.

MILLE. AIMEE's real name is Mme. Trouchon.

SIGNORA TUROLA has left Bologna for Rome.

FAURE will shortly sing three nights in Brussels.

WILHELMJ will begin his concerts in San Francisco, Feb. 2d.

MISS MINNIE HAUK has been ill from "bronchittus," as she spells it.

GENERAL SHERMAN is particularly fond of comic opera and burlesque.

THE library of the late M. Roger, tenor, is to be sold, in Paris, this month.

THE Spanish Students are young gentlemen of good social position at Madrid.

M. JULES ZAREMSKI is to succeed M. Brassin as Professor of the Piano in the Brussels Conservatory.

THE Belgians want a new national hymn, instead of the "Branionne," which they consider antiquated.

THE Boston Handel and Haydn Society is preparing to produce Saint-Saens' "Deluge," which has been so successful abroad.

It is said that Mr. Max Maretzky will have the musical directorship of one of Mr. D'Oyley Carte's "Pirates of Penzance" Companies.

HERR LASSEN has declined the post of *Capellmeister*, vacant by the resignation of Herr Hans von Buelow, at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

HANS RICHTER has just renewed his engagement as conductor at the Vienna Opera for ten years, consequently he will not be able to come to America.

THE marriage of Sir Julius Benedict at the age of seventy-five years, to a young lady only twenty-two years old, has created much interest in London musical circles.

ADELINA PATTI will be thirty-six years of age on the 10th inst.; she is without doubt the world's greatest singer, and receives \$2,000 per night during her Paris engagement.

DR. VON BUELOW is the guest of the Duke of Meiningen, and spends his time in writing bitter articles against Rubinstein's opera, "Nero." These two great pianists do not speak to each other.

MR. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, who has graced the Symphony and Philharmonic orchestras, became concert-master of Rudolf Bial's orchestra after the close of the opera season at the Academy.

HANSLICK, the famous Vienna critic, is so detested by Wagner, that his name is a family bugbear; and little Siegfried, Wagner's son, used to be frightened into good behavior at the words: "*Der Hanslick kommt!*" (Hanslick is coming!)

THE study of the violin is becoming quite popular among young ladies in Europe as well as in America. It is estimated that in Boston no less than two hundred young misses are cultivating the acquaintance of the violin bow, largely to the exclusion of beaux of another sort.

MISS ELLA CHAMBERLAIN occupies a rare field in music. Her claims to public favor are based upon her ability to whistle operatic music very effectively. She resides in the suburbs of Boston. "O, Whistle, and I'll Come to You My Lad" would be an appropriate selection for her.

MME. ADELINA PATTI's second engagement—when she appeared in "La Traviata," "Lucia" (twice) and "Faust"—at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, was as brilliant a success as the first. The Emperor Wilhelm has conferred on her the Gold Medal for Art and Science.

DR. KOENIG, the celebrated German mechanician, between whom and Mr. A. J. Ellis, of London, a prolonged discussion as to the relative merits of sundry tuning-forks has been vigorously carried on, has at length produced an instrument which will indicate a variation of one vibration in ten thousand from the assigned pitch.

MME. MONTIGNY-REMAURY has returned from Strasburg to Paris. In attempting to invade Metz, the Jeanne d'Arc of the piano (with her inseparable Erard) got snowed in and iced up. With an *adagio* of Beethoven's, however (by the aid of her sympathetically obedient slave of ivory and wood), she melted the snow, thawed the ice, and arrived home safely.

MADAME HALEVY, widow of Fromenthal Halevy, has just completed a statue of her late husband on which she has been engaged, having already produced a bust of the celebrated composer of "La Juive." The figure was executed to the order of the Works Department of the Paris Municipality, and is intended to fill one of the recesses in the façade of the Hotel de Ville.

LUTHER'S wedding-ring is on exhibition at the jeweler's, Herr Rothe, at Dusseldorf. The ring, which bears the inscription, "Dr. Martino Luthero Catharina von Bora, 13 June, 1529," is a work of considerable art. On it is represented the Passion of our Lord, the cross and the body of Jesus forming the middle, surrounded by all the chief tools of the carpenter's craft, a small ruby recalling the holy blood.

MESSRS. BREITKOPF & HÄRTEL, of Leipsic, the famous publishers of the complete works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart and Chopin, are about to add another name to this illustrious list of composers. They announce a subscription edition of the complete works of Robert Schumann, edited by Clara Schumann. Additional interest will attach to this edition from the fact that the name of Madame Schumann is connected with her late husband's works, which will now appear for the first time in a complete form.

A WISE man in Germany, writing on the theory of sound, declares that several of the lower animals have not only a fair notion of the scale, but actually employ notes almost, if not quite identical as to interval with those of the human species. In other words, that they comprehend counterpoint, and hold theories of thorough bass of which many of us, unfortunately, are ignorant. This explains why dogs bark and cats mew and scratch at the door when the young ladies in the family are playing duets. The household pets are in extreme distress. They mischievously jars on their finer senses.

GRAU'S FRENCH OPERA COMPANY.

We have watched with interest the unparalleled success which Maurice Grau's French Opera Company has met with wherever it has appeared. This success is a deserved one. Mr. Grau has understood that the shortest road to success was the honest one of giving the public all their money's worth and a little more; and he has brought together a company which certainly has no superior, and, we believe, no equal in its particular line, unless it be in Paris itself, where its leading members are recognized as stars of the first magnitude. The St. Louis public will be glad to welcome back M. Capoul, the tenor who captured all hearts when he was here a few years since with Nilsson. Mmes. Paola Marie, Angele and Leroux, the *prime donne*, and indeed the entire troupe, have carried the public by storm wherever they have appeared, both by their meritorious singing and their exquisite acting. In our next number we shall be able to give a critical estimate of the company—but we do not expect to reverse the universal verdict, that it is, in all respects, first-class. In the meantime we extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Grau and his artists, and recommend them to our mirth-loving citizens.

ROBERT SCHUMANN AND THE WAGNERIAN CHURCH.

FROM LE MENESTREL.

M. Adolphe Jullien, feuilletonist of the *Francais*, has just published an article, with which we hasten to identify ourselves, against Richard Wagner, as a musical critic. We belong to those who think that the pen of a critic militant cannot be held with too much circumspection by a musical composer. Wagner's writings have, up to the present, done him more harm than his music has been able to do him good, and yet he has produced some genuine masterpieces, with "Lohengrin" at their head. The bitter pen of Hector Berlioz was most gravely prejudicial to the works of that musician. The public do not like to see composers set themselves up as the pitiless judges of their fellows—and they like it all the less because the small musical chapel whence composers are personally inspired rarely gives them an opportunity of admiring any music but their own. Composer-critics possess brotherly bowels of compassion for hardly any one but the dead! and not always for the dead! * * * Do we not, at this very moment, behold the Wagnerian Church excommunicating Robert Schumann, who, it is true, allowed himself, in his time, to execute many works of undeniable merit, including Meyerbeer's. It would be, therefore, in reality, only a just expiation, were it not a subject of profound regret to see composers of the first rank give way to such excesses with their pen. We will, however let M. Adolphe Jullien speak. He admires Wagner as much as he admires Schumann, but he considers it a duty, under the circumstances, to enter a protest and to defend the latter.—Editor "Menestrel."

* *

"Since the *Nibelungen* performances collected round Richard Wagner, at Bayreuth, all his fanatic admirers and devotees, there has been formed a kind of Masonic society, which men of independent mind absolutely refuse to enter, and where the most trivial words falling from the Master's lips have the force of law. The official organ of this musical realm is the *Bayreuther Blätter*, a review published by the Bayreuth Patrons' Society and edited by Herr von Wolzogen, under the direction and inspiration of Richard Wagner. It is in this paper that the god utters his oracles to the common herd of mortals. People will, perhaps, be astonished at seeing a writer who has always defended quite as much as he has admired Richard Wagner's works, set himself so strongly against this adoration. But the truth is that the little church, in the midst of which the Master gets intoxicated with incense, would in the end irritate the calmest minds; the genius gains nothing by these perpetual bowings and scrapings, and the man loses.

"Then, again, Wagner is at present a prey to a fury for demolishing, which selects for attack even those musicians whom he ought to defend and respect. So long as he battered away at overrated composers, French and others, so long as he fell foul in fine style of musical duffers, nothing could be better, and it was impossible not to join in chorus with him; but now, lo and behold, it is Schumann whom he attacks, Schumann, who, with only one opera, ought not to give him much umbrage; Schumann, in short, whom all the world of music now acknowledges as the greatest symphonist since Beethoven. To overthrow such a man two or three articles are not too much, so while he himself is preparing a terrible one, Wagner has another, no less crushing, written by one of his followers. This person, Joseph Rubinstein, pianist, and a familiar guest in Wagner's house, has nothing more than his name in common with the two celebrated brothers, Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein—luckily for them. Joseph Rubinstein has contributed to the *Bayreuther Blätter* a long

article "On Schumann's Music," in which he attacks the author of *Manfred*, not as a poet and a dramatic musician—that was a task Wagner reserved for himself—but purely as a composer. He reproaches him with not knowing how to build up a piece of music; with invariably proceeding by *rosalies*, that is, with repeating certain members of phrases ascending by a tone or half a tone; he then takes the Symphony in B flat (No. 1), dissects the first portion, and demonstrates irrefutably the worthlessness of the whole composition. He does not treat any better the delicious pieces for the piano, quite the contrary, and he winds up pretty well in the following terms:

"Looking at the subject even in a professional light, Schumann is entirely deficient in sincerity and truth, and it is to be hoped that the numerous authors who derive their inspiration from him will free themselves as speedily as possible from such pernicious influence; otherwise there will be total ruin of taste and sentiment."

"Wagner himself does not attack Schumann directly; it is in an article on opera books generally, and on dramatic composition in particular, that he executes him *en passant*. He speaks of many musicians, Mozart, Weber, Winter, Spohr, etc., mentioning at last Rossini, whom he praises unreservedly and in connection with whom he utters the singular avowal:

"People in Germany cried out a great deal against Rossini; but what, after all, really wounded us was not so much his politics as his genius. Luckily, Rossinis are rare."

"And so, with Wagner's leave, are Schumanns. Here, however, is the way in which the author of *Tristan* judges the author of *Das Paradies und die Peri*:

" * * * * It was not long before my success at Theatre Royal, Dresden, attracted to me first Ferdinand Hiller and then Robert Schumann; they wanted to see, from a short distance off, how, at one of the most important lyric theatres in Germany, a German composer, previously unknown, could obtain continuously the favor of the public. The two friends thought, to begin with, that they had perceived nothing remarkable in me as a musician, and that consequently the only reason for my success was to be sought exclusively in the libretto. I myself, also, was of opinion that it was of the highest importance to have a good book, and spoke to them about the matter, as they were looking out for operatic subjects. They asked me for my advice, and, when I gave, refused to follow it; I suspect this was for fear lest I should play some trick off on them. With regard to my book of *Lohengrin*, Schumann declared he could not see the subject for an opera in it; herein his opinion differed from that of Herr Taubert, the *Capellmeister*, of Berlin, who, subsequently, after my opera was finished and had been performed, said he should like to take my text, and in his turn set it to music. When Schumann wrote the book of *Genovera*, it was in vain I attempted to persuade him into modifying his third act, which was terribly stupid; he flew into a rage, believing in his heart that my advice tended to nothing less than the destruction of his best effects. He had only one aim in view; he wanted everything in his work to be *German, chaste* and *pure*, relieved, however, by some touches of lightness; and it was thus that he came to write the coarse vulgarities of his second finale. I was present, a few years since, at a very careful performance of this *Genovera*, and I must confess that the third act of Auber's *Bal Masque*, an eminently repulsive work, raised on motives of similar quality, struck me as a masterpiece of *esprit* compared with the heart-rending brutality of this *chaste* and *pure German* author and composer. Strange to say, I never heard in Germany a single complaint on this head, so great is the energy with which a German imposes silence on his real feeling, when one man is to be raised above another, Schumann, for instance, above myself!"

"Is all this quite serious? I really have my doubts, so sad would it be to believe. There comes, too, a certain paragraph in which Wagner shows the cloven hoof a little and appears to hint that he has been writing for the gallery: "The ideas here developed," he says, "may be more or less just, but the article is not intended for the *Cologne Gazette*, nor for any important paper, so that, supposing it to be bad, it will remain between ourselves."

"Granted; but, even though the *Bayreuther Blätter* does not possess the importance of the *Cologne Gazette*, as Wagner laughingly observes, was it so very necessary to print such things, and could not the hateful feelings of a coterie be satisfied more cheaply?"

"ADOLPHE JULLIEN."

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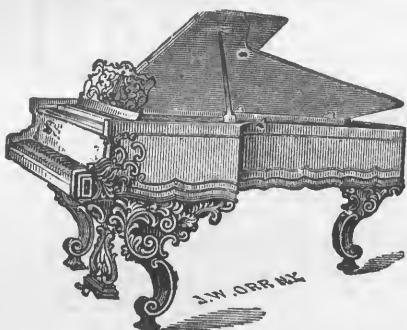
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MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS

The Satter Concerts in St. Louis.

Gustave Satter has given us four concerts, and in these four concerts we have enjoyed specimens from a small host of great composers. Besides, we have learned how Satter's own works must be played, and we have been very thankful for this lesson which henceforth will enable us to do justice to music which is clad in the most distinguished forms and replete with a wealth of poetry essentially its own.

Satter is one of the greatest pianists of the romantic school. He seems to have a rare power of idealization and is highly emotional. This explains, in part at least, the great popularity of himself and of his compositions with the fairer and more poetical sex.

Satter gave us two Beethoven sonatas, a Goldmark quartette, a Rubinstein duo for the piano and violin, nine pieces by Mendelssohn, two by Chopin, one by Raff, one by Liszt, one by Litolf, six by Jensen, four by Bendel, and seven by Berlioz, Wagner, Prudent, Meyerbeer, Nicolai, Tausig and Gade. The reproduction of these so heterogeneous compositions was thoroughly artistic in itself and satisfactory to his audiences. They might well have imagined themselves walking through parts of the Dresden Gallery, looking at the beauties of so many different masters. In Satter's playing the harshness of the involuntary "one, two, three" system so necessary to orchestral achievements, and so scholastic in instrumental performances evaporates; and his playing seems an improvisation, an inspiration.

It is but natural to suppose that one who can so skillfully render the musical thoughts of others should be still greater in the rendering of his own works. Such was the fact, for in the execution of these he is as unapproachable as Franz Liszt in Liszt's. Satter's Fantasie on "Faust," "Freischuetz" and "Robert le Diable," his "Stella," "Contes du Paradis," "Sleeping Beauty," "Sattarello," his "Poeme d'Amour," "Serenade," etc., etc., were simply unapproachable, and the compositions themselves proved him to be one of the foremost composers of the age.

We had heard Satter once before; in New York, in 1876, in Booth's Theatre. May we ask whether we are not mistaken? Yes, indeed, we are. The Satter that played there and then is no more the Satter that plays now than the Mozart who composed the piano sonatas is the Mozart who composed "Don Giovanni." Why so? Very naturally. At that time Satter played at the wrong place, before wrong audiences, and surrounded by Tom, Dick and Harry. At that time people were wrapt up in the Centennial and driven into the eccentricities of Wagner's "Centennial March," and certain press influences which desired to be conciliated by money (we have seen letters and documents establishing that fact; but "*de mortuis*,"—or *de fugientibus*—"nil nisi bonum," "ergo nil"), but now he has had a three years' most successful tour throughout the South, in spite of the detractions of those who were jealous of his success, he has become a recognized star in the musical firmament. Dogs bay at the moon but she sails serenely on, and Satter can now afford to let who will bark against a reputation, which in truth continues to shine benignly for lovers of the good, the true and the beautiful.

THE first musical event of the past month was the week of English opera at Pope's Theatre given by the Adah Richmond troupe. The troupe had just been re-organized and there was some crudeness in the performances of "The Chimes of Normandy" and "Girofle-Girofle," the only two operas which they rendered, although others had been announced (this is proof of the lack of preparation of which we have just spoken). The troupe, however, is a good one. Adah Richmond is a good comedienne and a more than ordinary singer. Mr. Nathal as Gaspard in the "Chimes," and as Mourzon in "Girofle-Girofle," could not have been better. He has much improved both as singer and actor, since we last heard him. Miss Hutchins, one of the troupe, deserves special mention for her excellent acting and acceptable singing. She did not, we think, receive from the local press the recognition which her talents deserve.

Adah Richmond was followed by Emma Abbott and her troupe, which sang at the Grand Opera House for one week. Miss Abbott is a popular favorite and she added to her laurels in that respect. To be just, however, we think that there are in her own troupe artistes who are her superiors in most respects, and we need only mention the name of Mrs. Seguin to secure the assent of all musicians, who have heard both, to our statement.

A MORE artistic organization than either of the former was the Thursby Concert Troupe under the unequalled management of Maurice Strakosch, by far the best concert combination that has visited St. Louis in many a day. Each of its members is an independent attraction. Miss Thursby is not one of those singers who rely for effect upon some vocal trick; she is a conscientious artiste. Her voice is not so remarkable for strength as it is for its silvery clearness and thorough cultivation. Whether she sings the "Polonaise from Mignon," "Why are Red Roses Red?" or some other florid vocal composition, or the simpler ballads she gives as *encores*, she manages at once to captivate the heart of both artists and amateurs. In her everything seems natural and unaffected. To her, undoubtedly, belongs the title of Queen of the Concert Stage.

Both she and Mr. Rummel were the deserving recipients of elegant floral tributes, which must have depleted the choice stock of flowers of the Jordan & Co.'s nurseries, from which most of them were procured.

Mr. Franz Rummel had been heard in our city with Wilhelm a few months since. He is a pianist of the Rubinstein order. He plays with a really remarkable dash. His playing is technically almost perfect, but if it were not, imperfections would scarcely be noticed, so great is the magnetism and *entrain* of his playing. This was most evident in his masterly rendition of Chopin's A flat polonaise, opus 53. We regretted that Mr. Rummel did not choose to favor our public with one of his few but excellent compositions, one of which he permitted us to hear in private. Our friends will doubtless be glad to hear that Mr. Rummel is now engaged in writing a Grand Concert Paraphrase of "Why are Red Roses Red?" which will doubtless become one of the most popular concert pieces of the age. Mr. Rummel, while here, added to his repertoire Tausig's "Morning Journals Waltz." We saw him play it off at sight, a feat which few pianists could accomplish, save by long practice.

Herr Adamowski is a really elegant player upon the violin and has a bright future before him. Of Signor Ferranti, it is unnecessary to speak; he is an old acquaintance of all our readers, and remains the best *buffo* singer on the American concert stage. The troupe, we understand, has been quite successful financially, and it deserved all the success it obtained, and more.

Beethoven Conservatory.

This institution gave its second musical soirée on the evening of January 22d, when an unusually fine programme was offered.

The principal attraction on this occasion was Mr. Henry G. Hanchett, the newly engaged teacher and head of the piano department. Mr. Hanchett gave a very spirited and intelligent reading of works of Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Gottschalk and Rubinstein, and he fully sustained his Boston reputation: that of being the only rival of W. H. Sherwood. The audience, which was a critical one, favored him with several *encores*.

Miss Laura E. Fisher sang most beautifully Braga's "Angel Serenade," and Miss Rose Schumacher covered herself with glory in singing F. P. Tamburello's charming song, "La Biondina." Both ladies were vociferously applauded, and each was recalled. Miss Annie Francis, considering that she sang before an audience for the first time, did very well.

Mr. Waldauer's obligato violin parts to the songs of the Misses Fisher and Schumacher, were given in his usual excellent style. All those who attended the soirée felt when they left the hall, after the concert, that the Beethoven Conservatory was the place where parents should send their children to obtain a first-class musical education.

Personal Mention.

MESSRS. SATTER and RUMMEL, with whom we visited Shaw's garden, expressed themselves as well pleased with its beauties.

AMONG the recent additions to the musical profession of St. Louis we take pleasure in mentioning Mr. Ernest Schuetz, whose headquarters are at Balmer & Weber's. He teaches besides music, the French and German languages.

EDWARD S. PAYSON, especial representative of the Henry F. Miller Pianoforte, called upon us recently. He informs us that the business of his company is "booming." He is the same good-natured, pushing, energetic fellow we have known and appreciated for years.

HERR REMENYI, the renowned violin virtuoso, called at our office on his way to Kansas, where he is engaged to give a series of concerts. He looks well and seems to be becoming quite Americanized. Remenyi is not only a capable artist, he is also every inch a gentleman—one whom it is a pleasure to meet.

BRIGNOLI's visit was a most agreeable incident. He has added to his already very extensive *répertoire* Robyn's "I Love but Thee." Brignoli is yet good for twenty years' first-class work upon the stage, which he has already occupied for nearly a quarter of a century, although he is only a little over forty years of age.

BAUSEMER—SPAETER.

In the last number of the REVIEW we mentioned the return from Berlin of the eminent pianist, Miss Anna Spaeter, and expressed the wish that she might make St. Louis her permanent home. We then deputized Mr. Franz Bausemer as minister plenipotentiary of the REVIEW to urge our wishes at the Court of the young artist, and we are happy to say that, with his kind assistance, the REVIEW has succeeded in inducing her to remain among us. She and Mr. Bausemer have concluded to enter into a life-partnership, under the firm name and style of Bausemer. Mr. Bausemer is entitled to the thanks as well as the congratulations of the music lovers of St. Louis. The proposed firm has our best wishes and truest sympathies.

Once Bausemer swore he ne'er would wed:
"This life is full enough of troubles,
And he who takes a wife," he said,
"But halves his joys, his pains he doubles!"

Well, we'd "been there," we could but smile
And only said: We'll see that later!
We did not wait "a monstrous while"—
He's changed his mind, we see it—Spater!

NEW MUSIC.

"LOVE'S DEVOTION"—Romanza for the Piano by Robert Goldbeck.

"Love's Devotion" is the name of the latest piano composition from the pen of this distinguished author, who in working the apparently inexhaustible mine of his melodious thought, seems constantly to strike new veins of precious ore. "Love's Devotion" is unlike any of the composer's pieces. Instead of the fine tissue of tone thread with which he so often clothes his no less ethereal themes, he gives us this time a plain but deeply felt song of love which must appeal to every heart. This song is like the entrancing expression of some loved face, an expression absorbingly predominant throughout, with the exception of some rich clusters of graceful arabesques which serve to frame the song as the flowing hair would the face of the loved one. Add to this the exalted passion, surging up here and there, which we might liken to the feelings of the devoted lover when he kneels before her in mute admiration, and we present to the reader the prevailing sentiment of this sweet tone poem. At times emotions of sadness arise, as of something unattainable, but they soon dissolve again like the fleecy clouds of a bright sky. Considering the piece musically, it is pure in style and finish throughout, and offers no difficulty of execution.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Love or Fame," and other poems, by Fannie Isabelle Sherrick; pp. 152. St. Louis: W. S. Bryan.—Upon the whole this is a meritorious work, one which by the side of some blemishes has many beauties. The first and longest poem in the collection, "Love or Fame," is the one which pleases us least. Its plot is neither novel nor striking, and the story is often made to drag by lengthy digressions. Further than that, Miss Sherrick is an intensely subjective writer; in spite of herself she writes from her own standpoint and according to her own feelings; consequently, so long as she expresses her own ideas, she is natural and interesting, but as soon as she attempts to put into the mouth of one of her characters views which are at variance with her own, she fails to make them appear natural and truth-like. The reasons that move Hilda to give up love for fame are very lamely presented by Hilda, who throughout the first part of the poem is an unnatural, if not impossible character. Yet there are many pretty passages in this composition, and here and there a sparkling gem of poetic expression or feeling. We will only give two or three short examples of these, the limits of this notice precluding longer quotations. We have not, for many a day, read prettier lines than these, describing the subsidence of the storm on the sea shore:

"Old ocean, like a child with passion spent,
Lay gently sobbing in its rocky bed."

Or these, describing Adrian's love for Hilda:

"He loved as even the sun must love the flowers
That stily glance at him from leafy bowers,
Or as the river with its strong deep tide
Must love the willows nesting by its side."

And further on again:

"Oh, brave, warm heart, your love indeed is true,
You give your all, though naught is given you.
True love is like the watching stars of night,
They shine for aye, though eyes see not their light."

As we have already hinted, however, we like Miss Sherrick best in her shorter poems. They are all readable, and many are quite good. "The Soldier's Grave," "Catching the Sunbeams," "Beyond the Sunset are the Hills of God," "The Baby's Tear," "Never," "The Prince Imperial," "A Sunbeam," are all compositions of real merit, and, we think, the best in the book.

There is one grammatical mistake which mars many of the poems in this collection; we mean the indiscriminate use of the singular and plural form of the second person of personal pronouns, as in these lines:

"Swell out ye buds, and o'er the earth
Thy sweetest fragrance fling,"—

Or again:

"Lorraine, how can you speak such words to me,
My love was never thine, etc."

Can it be that the authoress has forgotten that *thou* is always a singular and *you* grammatically always a plural, and that the two are never interchangeable in the same sentence, or indeed in the same composition? We doubt not that in a future edition these faults, which, though slight, grate upon a sensitive ear, will be made to disappear. The make-up of the book is elegant and chaste, and a credit to the publishers and to St. Louis.

Colman's Rural World.

This excellent Farm Journal is almost indispensable to the Farmer, Fruit Grower and Stock Raiser. It is the only journal in America that has a department devoted to the culture of Sorgo for Syrup and Sugar. It entered its thirty-third year on the first of January, and has the best men in the West and South contributing to its columns on all branches of Agriculture. It gives splendid premiums for both small and large clubs. It is published weekly at \$1.50 per year, by NORMAN J. COLMAN, 600 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Sample Copies free. Send for one.

Among our Exchanges.

Brainard's Musical World has come; we are glad it is still among the living. We consider it one of our most valuable exchanges.

The Indianapolis Musical World seems to have "died a bornin'." We feared it would; it was so precocious.

The Musical and Dramatic Times and Music Trade Review of New York is dead. It died of smartness.

The Musical Herald, Boston's new musical paper, looks well and reads well. We wish it success.

The Amphion of Detroit is no more. Died of inanition. Who will die next?

Pope's Theatre.

Messrs. Pope and Zimmerman are straining every nerve to please the better classes of the amusement loving public of our city. The Bandmanns have just closed a very successful engagement there. For the present month the engagements, so far as made, are the inimitable Florences on February 2d, followed on the 9th by the Boston "Drink" Party.

The Growing Demand for Musical Instruments.

Fifty years ago music was considered, by perhaps ninety percent of the population of this country, comparatively a useless branch of education. Hence, at that time, Mozart, Beethoven, Mason and other like inspired spirits were not walking hand in hand in the common schools with the authors of the text books of that time, as with those of to-day. In fact, the average intellect of that day, in the scheme for obtaining an education, or earning a livelihood, thought music a frivolous meddler—an element that should be suppressed rather than encouraged, and not at all worthy of serious attention from those who had high and serious aims in life. The grand anthem at Thanksgiving or Christmas, which the village choir had labored long to bring out, thrilled the people through and through, touching their senses as nothing but music could, and yet no one thought of breaking the dull monotony of the school-room by introducing music there, and still less that the time was very near when "Yankee Doodle" and the multiplication table would march hand in hand about the school-room in school hours, with hilarity boisterous enough to raise the shingles of the roof. The suppliant tone of the ambitious sunny-faced girl of the period, when melodies first made their appearance, who dared to plead for one, was usually met with the reply that such things were not profitable. That they would divert the mind from useful studies, occupy time that should be given to work, and that sufficient amusement could be obtained in some less expensive way. A great change has occurred in the minds of the people during the past fifty years, but it is trifling compared with what the coming half century will likely do for us. As yet the people have but a glimpse of the real value of music; it is so difficult to mark its influence or estimate its worth. A view of a beautiful picture—a fine sunset—or listening to choice music, was not accredited with doing much that would stand by one, and that could be used again, the results not being immediately visible. But few realized that the organs of tune and time were as essential in the developments and happiness of the individual as any of the family attributes. About forty years ago a company of Germans brought to this country a high order of music, and labored hard to retail it to the people. They found but little demand for it. "Hail Columbia," "Bonny Doon" and like simple songs our people could understand. The productions of the masters were not appreciated.

It was fortunate for us that these German pioneers had not the money to return to their native land, as they would have been glad to do. The fields the pilgrims first found here required no more labor to fit them for corn than those these men found for their music. As the years rolled by, the seed sown in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Newport began to grow. At this time, also, railroads began to spread rapidly, and by their help a better class of music found its way South and West, and to-day the best musical thought the world has produced is heard in every State in the Union. The whole people are being educated to appreciate classical music.

The average Western farmer understands to-day that the organ or piano is as essential to the happiness of his family as the cook stove or the bean-thresher in his barn. The high qualifications of the music teachers—both German and American—now in all parts of the West, and the excellent periodicals devoted to music, all mean the sale of instruments, and good ones. The manufacturer of to-day who sits down on his reputation of ten years ago, and does not keep pace with the demands and improvements of the time, need not wonder why the wide-awake firm of five years' standing, who are alive to present wants, are taking the lead. Forty years' experience in the business may mean half that number behind the age. A good instrument insures the sale of more in its neighborhood. No dealer can afford to put out a poor one. From this time on, where the reaper, the loom and the anvil goes the piano must go also. The demand for musical instruments has just commenced and the manufacturers that best touch the want of the masses will reap the benefits.—Exchange.

SOME idea of the trade which N. Lebrun is doing may be gleaned from the fact that in January alone he disposed of one hundred dozen of the Non Plns Ultra Accordions, patented in Europe, and that another invoice of two hundred dozens is now on the way. Good wares and reasonable prices are bound to tell.

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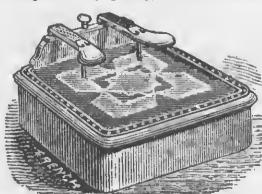
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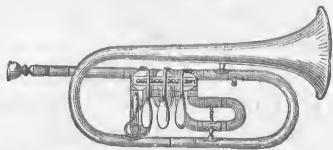
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→*NATIONAL NOTES*←

(We do not always endorse the opinions of our correspondents.)

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, January 18th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

Of course you will expect me to say something about the demise of the *Musical and Dramatic Times* and *Music Trade Review*, and the flight of Freund, its chief editor and principal owner, leaving his creditors in the lurch to the tune of some \$75,000, but I know but little more than you do. As usual, in such cases, new defalcations are appearing daily, those who have been "taken in," smart business men, desire to keep mum. The subject is in all respects unmusical, and I, for one, not being a detective, do not care to pursue it further.

The "Pirates of Penzance" is the excitement of the hour in musical circles. Gilbert and Sullivan have written this in much the same vein as the now well-worn "Pinafore," which it seems to be about to rival in popularity. The authors are making this pay very nicely. Over \$10,000 has been taken in every week, of which sum Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan receive sixty per cent. Max Strakosch, of whom Ford lets the theatre, has made several thousand dollars out of his lease. He hired the theatre in the first place for Neilson, but making other arrangements with her, he concluded to let it out to other parties. The ticket speculators are at work. Two of them, Rullman and Tyson, have bought three hundred seats a week for the next four weeks and paid their money for them, too. The management say that it is impossible to prevent the speculators from getting tickets. That the men who are known don't buy them, but they send other men, and women, too. The "Pirates" is not as sprightly, perhaps, as "Pinafore," nor has it as many ear-catching melodies, still there is some remarkably good music in it, and much that is churchy in quality, like the Englishman chorus in "Pinafore." One of the prettiest songs in this opera is the waltz for soprano and chorus in the first act, and one of the most amusing, the policeman's "ta-ral-la-la" chorus in the second act. In the first act there is a very funny gossiping chorus by the girls, where they chat about the weather, and an amusing situation, where they are caught with one shoe off and hop on one foot. It would be hard to say what is the funniest thing in the opera it is all so perfectly absurd.

The "See Kadet," which was announced at Daly's under the title, "The Royal Middy," is indefinitely postponed. I am sorry for this, for there is real music and real fun in the piece. Mr. John P. Jackson, of the *Herald*, and translator of several of Wagner's librettos for the Carl Rosa Company, has made a translation of "Der See Kadet," which he pronounces the "true and only," and denies the completeness of Madame Cottrelly's version.

M. Adolphe Fischer, who comes from Paris, bearing high recommendations, made his first appearance at the third rehearsal and concert of the Symphony society, playing a Concerto by Saint-Saens, a Nocturne by Chopin, and a Tarantelle of his own composition. His execution of the first and the third was exceedingly brilliant, and there was little room for unfavorable criticism in his performance of the Nocturne. M. Fischer's technique is truly admirable. The new violoncellist made a decidedly favorable impression.

KNICKERBOCKER.

LISZT appreciates the fact that his music finds favor in America. While in Rome, he conversed with Miss Brewster on that topic. "Yes," he said, "I'll always recall with pleasure that, twenty years and more ago, when my music was little cared for in Europe, it was played and liked in your country."

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, January 24th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

I am still waiting for my Christmas present; the present which you did not promise, but which I expected. "Better late than never," says the adage, which is sometimes true, and you might write, you know, that "owing to press of other matters" you had been unable to send it before. I'll accept the apology, only send on the present.

The performance of the "Messiah" by the Apollo Club, which I announced in my last, took place according to announcement. The soloists were Miss Turner, soprano; Miss Johnson, contralto; Dr. Barnes, tenor, and Mr. Rudolphsen, bass. The oratorio was as well rendered as could have been expected by a small chorus. We need here, however, a master-hand to unite the rival and discordant societies into one grand chorus for the proper rendition of such works as this.

On January 2d, Mr. Hanchett, on his way to your city to take charge of the piano department of the Beethoven Conservatory, gave a piano recital at Hershey Hall. He is a pianist of ability and will doubtless make his mark among you.

Miss Emma Thursby and Company gave two concerts at Central Music Hall, which were much enjoyed. The programmes were an improvement upon those offered by the Patti organization, and contained some truly good music. Miss Thursby met with a warm recognition, every number that she sang being greeted with applause, and her fine singing pleased her large audience greatly. Her voice is remarkably bird-like and clear, and her whole manner is pleasing and natural. Rummel interpreted Liszt, Chopin and Tausig most satisfactorily. The other members of the troupe all made friends here or renewed old and pleasant memories.

"Her Majesty's Opera Company" closes to-day a two weeks' season and departs to visit yon. The season on the whole has been a very enjoyable one. It has given us "Martha," "Sonnambula" (twice), "Linda," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "Aida" (three times), "Faust," the "Stabat Mater," "Lucia" (twice), "Rigoletto," "Dinorah," and "Mignon," in all fifteen performances, which have been highly successful with the exception of the "Stabat Mater," "Faust," and the second performance of "Aida,"—the want of success in these being attributable to the indisposition of the artists. The attendance upon the various performances has been very large and exceptionally brilliant, and the manager must take away with him a very comfortable pocket-book, while opera-goers will feel that upon the whole they have had a satisfactory *quid pro quo*.

The finest soirée musicale given this season by the Chicago Musical College, occurred Monday evening at the First Methodist Church, and was in every particular a handsome success. It was a gratifying compliment to the pupils and the college to see such a large audience in attendance, and this fact aided materially in making the concert a thoroughly enjoyable affair.

Maurice Gran's French opera company will commence a season of one week at Haverly's Theatre February 2d.

The next concert of the Apollo Club will take place in February, when "Frithjof" will be given, with the assistance of the Arion Society of Milwaukee, as was the case last season. The soloists have not yet been selected.

The Beethoven Society will give their next concert March 2d, upon which occasion they will perform Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost," Parker's "Redemption Hymn," Goldmark's march from the "The Queen of Sheba," and the "Morning Song," by Raff.

Don't forget my Christmas gift.

QUIDAM.

CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, January 25th, 1880.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

Thomas is in New York just now, and as he is the soul of music in this city, there is but little to write about. Now, understand this is a "goak;" my letter will be brief, but rather owing to my own absence from the city during a part of last month than to the absence of Thomas.

The preparations for the coming May Festival are going bravely on. The dates of the festival are Tuesday, May 18th; Wednesday, May 19th; Thursday, May 20th; Friday, May 21st. Choral concerts will be given on the evenings of these days, and matinees by the orchestra and the soloists on the afternoons of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

The principal soloists engaged up to date are Miss Annie L. Cary, Miss Crouch, contralto, of Cincinnati, Signor Campanini, Mr. Myron W. Whitney, and Mr. Harvey, tenor, of Brooklyn.

The managers of the enterprise have been greatly embarrassed by the troubles which arose among the various societies which are to take part in the festival. But, fortunately, these discords have been harmonized. On the 13th inst., the first mass-rehearsal took place in Music Hall, whose stage had accommodations for 650 singers, and nearly all the seats were occupied. A number of rehearsals are announced, and a rule has been adopted that unexcused absence from any rehearsal involves loss of membership in the chorus. At the first rehearsal two hours were spent in studying parts of Beethoven's mass in D, which will be the principal work performed at the festival. The solos were sung by Miss Anna B. Norton, Miss Julia Gould, Mr. A. B. Darby, and Mr. J. F. Randolphsen. Mr. Arthur Mees played the accompaniments on the piano, and Mr. George E. Whiting on the organ. The singing is said to have been exceedingly good, considering the difficulties of the work and the small amount of study of the chorus while it was divided into sections.

The pupils of the Conservatory of Music, under the direction of Miss Clara Baur, the efficient president of the institution, gave a pleasant and interesting concert in the parlors of the Conservatory on last Thursday evening. Choice and difficult selections were rendered by the little ones in true musical style, and reflected great credit upon themselves and their teachers. The following named pupils took part: Miss Ada Johnson and Mr. John C. Garr, Miss Jennie Levy, Miss Lena Buehl, Miss Ida Lang, Miss Lulu Lotze, Miss Julia Wetzstein, Mrs. E. D. Bacon, Miss Biunie Page, Miss Josie Stall, Miss Freida Wolff, Miss Clara Phillipphaar, Miss Emma Gutmann, Miss Carrie Copse, Miss Ella Reutepohler, Miss Catherine Wagner, Miss Mattie Warren and Mr. John C. Garr.

The concert given on last Friday evening by the Ambrose Musical Society at the Lawrence Street Church attracted a large and appreciative audience. The chief work presented was Gade's cantata, "The Erl King's Daughter." All the parts were acceptably filled, and, in one or two instances, with more than ordinary excellence. To Miss Sallie Edwards fell the title score, and its beautiful passages proved the vehicle through which she exhibited a soprano voice of sweet musical timbre and good range.

Signor Paola La Villa, formerly of the College of Music, but now of New York City, has written an opera in four acts, entitled "The Duke of Elbro".

Mr. Whiting, organist at the College of Music, has recently published a book of organ music.

The fifth of the series of Symphony Concerts takes place on Thursday evening, February 5th. The programme includes soloists Miss Annie B. Norton, Miss Julia Gould, and Professor Hartdegen in a violoncello solo. Miss Norton and Miss Gould appear with the women's voices of the College Choir in that

exquisite number by Greig, "The Cloister Gate." This composition was given last winter in one of the symphony concerts, and there was expressed a general desire for its repetition, but there was no room for it at that time.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

BEETHOVEN'S LAST COMPOSITION.

Nottebohm, whose access to many of Beethoven's manuscripts enables him to throw light on a considerable number of vexed questions regarding the composer and his labors, gives in his book entitled "Beethoveniana," an interesting opinion concerning three of Beethoven's compositions, each of which has been called his last. The first he mentions is a little piece, in B sharp major, for the pianoforte, published by Schlesinger, in Berlin, under the title "Derniere Pensee Musicale." This composition Beethoven contributed to the souvenir album of a friend, during July, 1818, before the finale of the sonata, Op. 106, was written. Therefore, the title given by Schlesinger is unfounded. The finale of the string quartette, Op. 130, is no doubt the last of Beethoven's compositions published in its original form. The quartette was completed during the month of November, 1826, about four months previous to Beethoven's death. The third composition to be mentioned is a piece, in C major, for the pianoforte, published in 1838 by Diabelli & Co., in Vienna, with the following title and notice:—"Ludwig Van Beethoven's Last Musical Conception. Sketch of the Quintette which Diabelli & Co. ordered of Beethoven, and have purchased of his estate." The *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung*, page 28, anno 1828, says:—"Diabelli & Co. have purchased Beethoven's last composition, the Sketch for a Quintette, which was begun in November, 1826, but never extended further than twenty or thirty bars." This trifling has not been published as a quintette, but in the form of transcriptions for the pianoforte. It is certain that it was composed during November, 1826, about the same time as the finale, Op. 130; and it becomes of interest to ascertain which of the two is later in point of time. Probably the better opinion is, that the sketch published by Diabelli in 1838 is Beethoven's last musical idea, though the evidence which confirms this belief is purely circumstantial. In looking over Beethoven's manuscripts, Nottebohm finds on the same role of music-paper which contains the full score to the last movement of Opus 130 *in ink*, the pencil sketch for a part of the quintette, ordered by Diabelli. Beethoven did not live to complete it; and as the sketch, in its original form, was of no practical value, it was transcribed for the pianoforte, and published, as we said above, in 1838, by Diabelli.—*Musical Review*.

ACCORDING to the *Gaulois*, there is a project in hand to erect a new and splendid theatre for the performances of Italian opera, somewhere between the Rue Lafitte and the Grand Opera, at the cost of 12,000,000 francs, a rich financier purchasing the ground valued at 2,000,000 francs, which will be his contribution to the scheme. Truth is, the Parisians are ashamed, the Theatre Ventadour having been demolished, that there should be no other appropriate building to replace it; for after all, Italian opera was the entertainment most patronized by the higher classes.

MISS LYON HUNTER (to Herr Bogoluboffski, the famous virtuoso, whose afternoon pianoforte recitals are the wonder of the world)—"A—By-the-by, Herr Bogoluboffski, we thought you might perhaps like to try the new piano!" Chorus of ladies—"Oh, do, Herr Bogoluboffski! Pray do?" Herr Bogoluboffski (who has been asked to dine *en famille*, and spend the evening, "quite in a friendly way")—"Ladies! If you would perhaps vish zat I should amuze ze gompany, *kvite in a friendly way*, I can preak ze poker on my arm, I can swallow ze dable-schpoons, and I can schdick a lighted dallowgandle in my mose vizout pudding it out, put I gannot blay ze biano after dinner?"—*Punch*.

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THE MISERERE.

A SPANISH LEGEND FROM THE FRENCH OF G. BECQUEUR.

A short time ago I left the city of Seville to visit the celebrated monastery of Caserta. I was reading in the old library, when my attention was drawn to a number of sheets of music that lay in a corner of the room. Evidently the manuscript was exceedingly old, for it was covered with dust and discolored and worn by the effects of dampness. On looking at it I discovered it was a *Miserere*. I am passionately fond of music, and, therefore, I examined the pages with great care. What especially struck me was the last page and the Latin word *Finit* written thereon, although the *Miserere* was not finished. My curiosity was still more excited from the strange fact that the Italian words which are always used to describe the manner in which a piece ought to be played, such as maestoso, allegro, forte, ritardando, etc., were not to be found, but in their stead strange annotations were placed, reading thus: "The bones rattled;" "eries of distress seemed to come out of the air;" "the strings shrieked without discord;" "brass trumpets sounded without deafening me;" "the instruments all played without confounding each other;" "it was humanity weeping." And stranger still were the following lines: "The spectres were bones covered with flesh—terrible, flames—the hurmory of heaven—strength and sweetness."

"What does this mean?" I asked a small old man who was accompanying me, as I finished reading the lines which had evidently been written by a madman. The old man then told me the following story:

Many years ago, on a dark and rainy night, a pilgrim came to the doors of this monastery, asking to be allowed to dry his clothes by the fire and for a piece of bread to still his hunger, and some place of shelter where he might await the dawn and then continue his way. A monk gave his poor bed and modest repast to the traveler, and then asked him whether he was bound and who he was.

"I am a musician," replied the pilgrim. "I was born far from here, and I have enjoyed a great renown. In my youth I made of my art a powerful arm of fascination; it gave birth to passions which finally led me to crime. I now wish, in my old age, to consecrate to good things the talents I have hitherto used for evil, and thus obtain pardon."

The monk, having his curiosity excited, asked him several questions, and the musician continued thus:

"I wept in the bottom of my heart over the crime I had committed. I could find no words worthy to express my repentance or in which to implore God's mercy, when one day, as I was turning over a holy book, my eyes were held by that sublime cry of contrition—the psalm of David beginning '*Miserere mei Deus!*' From that moment my sole thought was to discover a musical composition which I desired should be so magnificent and sublime that it alone would be able rightly to interpret the grand and majestic hymn, the sorrow of the prophet king. I have not been able to compose it yet, but if I ever succeed in expressing the feelings in my heart, the ideas that consume my brain, I am sure I will write so marvelous a *Miserere*, so heartbreaking a grief that its like has never been heard since the world began, and that the archangels will cry with me, their eyes filled with tears, 'Have mercy on me, my God, have mercy!'''

The pilgrim remained thoughtful for some moments, then heaving a profound sigh, continued his story. The old man and two or three shepherds belonging to the monks' farm listened silently, gathered around the firelight.

"After having traveled," continued he, "through Germany and Italy and a great part of this country of classical religious music, I have never yet heard a *Miserere* capable of inspiring me, and I am almost sure that I have heard all that exist."

"All!" interrupted a shepherd; "that is impossible, for you have never heard the *Miserere* of the mountain."

"The *Miserere* of the mountain," exclaimed the astonished musician; "what is that?"

"The *Miserere*," continued the shepherd, with an air of mystery, "is that only heard by shepherds who wander day and night over the mountains and valleys with their flocks and which has a history as true as it is astonishing. At the extremity of this valley, whose horizon is bound by a chain of mountains, may still be seen the ruins of a monastery that was very celebrated many long years ago. A great seigneur disinherited his son on account of his crimes, and had the edifice built from the proceeds of the sale of his lands. The son, who was as wicked as the archfiend, if, indeed, he was not the demon himself, seeing his fortune in the hands of monks, and his castle transformed into a church, placed himself at the head of a troop of bandits. One Holy Thursday night, at the very hour when the monks were chanting the *Miserere*, the bandits penetrated into the church, pillaged the monastery and set it on fire. The monks were all massacred or thrown from the rocky height. After this horrible exploit the bandits disappeared. The ruins of the church still exist in the hollow of the rock where the waterfall has its source, which, falling from rock to rock, finally forms the little river that runs beneath the walls of this monastery."

"But tell me about the *Miserere*," interrupted the impatient musician.

"Listen, I will soon have finished," the shepherd said, and he continued thus: "The crime terrified all the people about, they repeated the tale of the tragedy, which has come down to us by tradition. Old men tell the story over in the long winter nights. But what preserves its souvenir more vividly, is that every year on the night of the anniversary of the crime, lights are seen glimmering through the broken windows of the church;

and a strange sort of mysterious music is heard, like dreadful funeral chants mingled with the wind's moaning. No doubt it is the massacred monks come from purgatory to implore Divine mercy, and they sing the *Miserere*.

"Does this miracle still occur?" asked the traveler.

"Yes, it will begin without the slightest doubt in three hours from now, for this is Holy Thursday night, and eight o'clock has just struck on the monastery clock."

"How far away are the ruins?"

"An hour and a half from here. But what are you about? Where are you going on such a night as this?" cried they all, seeing the pilgrim rise, take his staff and go towards the door. "Where am I going?" To hear this mysterious and marvelous music, the grand, the true *Miserere* of those who return to earth after death and who know what it is to die in sin."

Saying this, he disappeared, to the great surprise of the monk and shepherds.

The wind howled and shook the doors, as though a strong hand was trying to wrench them from their hinges. The rain fell in torrents, beating against the windows, and from time to time a streak of lightning illuminated the darkness. The first moment of surprise passed, the monk exclaimed: "He is mad!" "He is surely mad!" echoed the shepherds, drawing nearer to the fire.

* * * * *

After walking an hour or two, the mysterious pilgrim, following the river's course, reached the spot where rose the imposing and sombre ruins of the monastery. The rain had ceased, clouds floated over the heavens, and athwart their broken outlines a fugitive ray of pale and trembling light shone; the wind beating against the massive pillars, moaned sadly as it lost itself in the deserted cloisters. However, nothing superhuman or unnatural troubled the mind of him, who, having laid many a night for shelter in the ruins of some deserted tower or solitary castle, was familiar with such sounds. Drops of water filtering through the crevices of the arches, fell on the large square stones beneath, sounding like the ticking of a clock. An owl that had taken refuge in a dilapidated niche, began to hoot, and reptiles whom the tempest had awakened from their long lethargy, thrust their hideous heads out of the rocks, or glided amid the stunted shrubs that grew at the foot of the altar, and disappeared in the broken tombs. The pilgrim listened to all the mysterious and strange murmurs of the solitude and of night, and seated on the mutilated statue of a tomb, awaited with feverish anxiety for the hour of mystery to arrive.

Time sped on and he heard nothing save the confused and mingled murmurs of the night, which repeated themselves, though in a different manner, from minute to minute.

"Have I made a mistake?" the musician asked himself. But just then he heard a new noise, an inexplicable one for the ear. It was like that which a large clock makes a few seconds before its strikes the hour—a noise of wheels turning, of ropes lengthening, of a machine beginning to work slowly. A bell rang once, twice, thrice, and there was neither a bell, nor clock, nor even a belfry in the ruined church. The last stroke of the bell, whose echoes grew fainter and fainter, had not died away; its ultimate vibrations could still be heard, when the granite dais, covered with carvings, the marble steps of the altar, the sculptured stones, the black columns, the walls, the wreath of trefoil on the cornices, the pavement, the arches, the entire church was suddenly illuminated without a torch or lamp being visible to produce the strange light. Everything became animated, but with a sudden movement, like the muscular contractions which electricity applied to a dead body produces—movements which imitate life, but which are far more horrible than the stillness of a corpse. Stones joined themselves to other stones; the altars arose intact from their broken fragments strewn around, and at the same time the demolished chapels and the immense number of arches interlaced themselves, forming with their columns a veritable labyrinth.

The church being reconstructed, a distant harmony, which might have been taken for the moaning of the wind, was heard, but it was in reality a mingling of distant voices, solemn and sad, that seemed to rise from the bosom of the earth, and which became more and more distinct little by little.

The courageous pilgrim began to be alarmed, but his fanaticism for the mysterious warred against his fear. Becoming more calm, he rose from the tomb on which he had been resting and leaned over the edge of the abyss, whence the torrent leaped from rock to rock, fell at length with a noise of continuous and dreadful thunder. The pilgrim's hair stood on end with horror.

* * * * *

He saw the skeletons of the monks half enveloped in the torn fragments of their gowns. Under the folds of their coats the dark cavities of the orbits in their skulls contrasted with their fleshless jaws and their white teeth. The skeletons clambered with the aid of their long hands up to the fissures of the rocks, till they reached the summit of the precipice, murmuring the while in a low and sepulchral voice, but with an expression of heart-rending grief, the first verse of David's psalm:

Miserere mei Deus secundum magnum misericordiam tuam.

(Have mercy on me my Good according to Thy great mercy.)

When the monks reached the peristyle of the church they formed themselves into procession and knelt in the choir, continuing in a louder and more solemn voice to chant the succeeding verses of the psalm. Music seemed to re-echo the rhythm of their voices. It was the distant rumble of thunder that rolled as it passed away; the voice of the night-wind that moaned in the hollows of the mountains; the monotonous sound of the cascade falling on the rocks, and the drop of filtering water, the hoot of the hidden owl and the coiling and uncoiling of the noisome reptiles. All this produced the strange music, and something more besides, which one could not ex-

plain or even imagine, a something which seemed like the echo of a whirlwind, that accompanied the repentant hymn of the psalmist king, with notes and harmonies as tremendous as its words.

The ceremony continued. The musician who was witnessing it believed in his terror that he had been transported far from this real world into that fantastic one of dreams, where all things have strange and phenomenal forms.

A terrible shock awoke him from the stupor of a lethargy, which had possessed all the faculties of his mind. His nerves were strongly agitated, his teeth chattered and he shivered with cold in the marrow of his bones. The monks chanted just at the moment, in a thundering voice, these terrible words of the *Miserere*:

In iniquitatibus conceptus sum et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

(I was conceived in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me.)

When the echoes of this verse had resounded from archway to ceiling, a tremendous cry burst forth, a cry that seemed torn from all mankind in the consciousness of its crimes—a heart-breaking cry composed of all the lamentations of distress, all the groans of despair, all the blasphemies of impurity—the monstrous cry of those who live in sin and were conceived in iniquity.

The chant continued. Sometimes sad and deep, sometimes like a ray of sunlight piercing the solemn darkness of the storm. The church by a sudden transformation became illumined with a celestial light. The bones of the skeletons clothed themselves again with flesh. A luminous aureole shone around their brows. The cupola of the church was rent asunder, and heaven appeared like an ocean of light spread out before the eyes of the just. Then the seraphs, the angels and archangels, all the heavenly hierarchy, sang this verse in a hymn of glory, which arose to the Lord's throne like a wave of harmony—like a gigantic spiral of sonorous incense:

Audita me dabis gaudium et letitiam, et exultabunt ossa humiliata.
(Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness, and the bones that were humbled shall rejoice.)

The shining light suddenly blinded the eyes of the unhappy mortal. His temples throbbed violently. His ears rang and he felt like one struck down by lightning.

The next day at sunrise, the monks of this monastery received the mysterious stranger, who came pale, trembling and with haggard eyes.

"And the *Miserere*, did you hear it?" an old monk asked, smiling ironically.

"Yes," replied the musician.

"How did you like it?"

"I am going to write it. Give me," said he, addressing the superior, "shelter and bread for a few months, and I will leave you an immortal *chef-d'œuvre* of my art—a *Miserere* that will efface my crimes before God's eyes, and which will render my name and that of this monastery immortal."

The superior, thinking him mad, consented, and the musician was installed in a cell and began his task.

He worked day and night, with an extraordinary anxiety. He would stop sometimes as though he were listening to sounds coming from invisible objects. His eyes would dilate and he would cry out: "That is it * * * thus * * * no longer any doubt * * * this, this is well;" and he would continue writing musical notes with a feverish rapidity. He wrote the first verses and the following ones, but when he came to the last verse he had heard he could go no further. He wrote for two, three, perhaps a hundred minutes; but all was useless. He could not repeat the marvelous heavenly music; and so sleep fled from his eyes, he lost all appetite, fever took possession of his brain, and he became mad.

At last he expired without being able to finish the *Miserere*, which the monks kept after his death, and which still exists in the archives of the monastery, as you have seen to-day.

MOZART'S MODE OF COMPOSITION.

Like Haydn, Mozart most willingly devoted the morning to composition, from six or seven o'clock till ten, when he got up. After this he did no more for the rest of the day, unless he had to finish a piece that was wanted. He always worked very irregularly. When an idea struck him he was not to be drawn from it. If taken away from the piano, he continued to compose in the midst of his friends, and passed whole nights pen in hand. At other times he had such disinclination to work that he could not complete a piece till the moment of its performance. In a well known case of the famous sonata for piano and violin, which he wrote in hot haste at Vienna, in 1784 for Mlle. Strinasachi, Mozart had time only to write out the violin part, and performed the work next day without putting his own part on the paper. The autograph manuscript, seventeen pages in length, is now in England, and confirms the truth of the story. Mozart had before him the violin part, with the accompaniment staves below it, mostly blank, but with here and there a few bars to indicate

a change of figure or modulation, etc. These occasional bits of accompaniment, like the violin part, are in pale ink. The remainder, which he filled in afterwards, is in black ink. Thus the original state of the paper can be clearly made out and the fact appreciated. A similar story was told of himself by the late Sterndale Bennett, who played his caprice for pianoforte and orchestra in London and at Leipzig, and sold it to the publishers at the latter place. "When he sent them the score they found out that he had left out the pianoforte part, which, in fact, he had never written!" The overture to "Don Giovanni," perhaps the best of Mozart's overtures, was only written the night before the first performance, and after the general rehearsal of the opera had taken place. About eleven o'clock Mozart retired to his room, begging his wife to make him some punch and to stay with him in order to keep him awake. She accordingly began to tell him fairy tales and funny stories, which made him laugh till the tears came into his eyes. The punch, however, made him so drowsy that he could only go on while she continued to talk, and whenever she stopped he fell asleep. The efforts which he made to keep himself awake, together with the work in which he was engaged, so fatigued him, that he allowed himself to be persuaded at length by his wife to take some rest, on condition that she would awake him again in an hour's time. He slept so heavily that she suffered him to repose for two hours; at five o'clock she awoke him. He had arranged that the copyists should come at seven; and, by the time they arrived the overture was finished. They had, however, scarcely time to write out the orchestral parts before the performance, and the players had to execute it without a rehearsal. Some critics profess to point out in this overture the passages where Mozart fell asleep, and those where he suddenly awoke again.

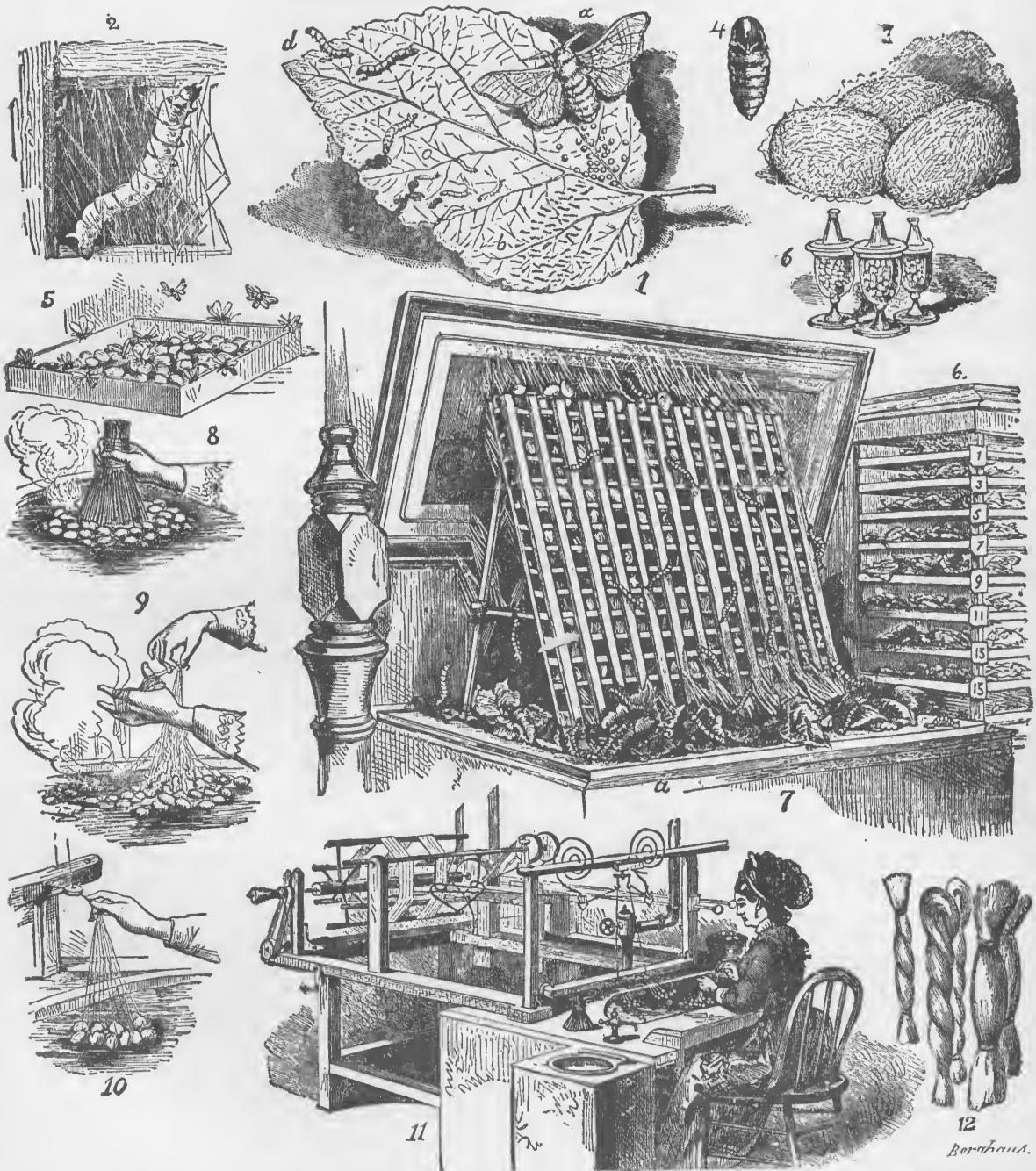
See our offer of premiums to subscribers, in Publishers' Column, page 88.

RACHEL'S GUITAR.

Many anecdotes are related of Rachel's love of money. At one time she used to tell her admirers that she was making a collection of emeralds, who, taking the hint, hastened to present their offering to the tragic muse; another time it was rubies, and finally sapphires. When her ingenuity or the generosity of her victims was exhausted, a jeweler was sent for, to whom the collection was sold and the money more profitably invested, though in a less brilliant shape. The story of the guitar is so amusing, and, at the same time, authentic, that we must try to find space for it. The celebrated artiste had noticed at the house of a friend a guitar of the most respectable antiquity. Rachel asked the owner if she would mind giving it to her; and the request complied with, the instrument was sent off to Rachel's lodgings. A few days after, the guitar appeared enveloped in a beautiful silk net, suspended on the gilded wall of her elegant boudoir. "What in the world have you there?" observed a visitor one morning. "That," said Rachel, "is the humble guitar with which, when I was a child, I earned scanty pittances as a poor little street singer." The gentleman was charmed, and insisted on becoming the happy possessor of this priceless treasure. After a little difficulty he gained the coveted relic for the trifling sum of 50,000 francs. But, unfortunately, the former owner of the guitar calling on the Count recognized the instrument as an old friend, and cruelly told him the circumstances which led her to part with it. On Rachel afterwards being informed of the denouement of her little speculation, she calmly and smilingly observed, "Poor—! How furious he was."

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We must congratulate both authors and publishers on the very excellent manner in which this work has been executed. It is with a feeling of somewhat selfish satisfaction that we receive this capital modern dictionary, into which has been condensed a vast amount of information that might be sought for long, and often, indeed, altogether in vain, elsewhere.

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Nothing could be better in its way than the new biographical dictionary of artists by Clara Erskine Clement and Laurence Hutton.

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Choice Autobiographies.—In a recent number of *Harper's Magazine* the Easy Chair spoke with enthusiasm and wise discrimination concerning autobiographies, as follows:

There is no more fascinating reading than a good autobiography, and some of the most delightful books are the stories of the lives of famous persons written by themselves. * * * If a man could have but one kind of book, he would probably select poetry. But if he could have two, would not the second be autobiography? He would get a great deal of poetry with that, too, and history and manners and morals, and what an immense quantity of the proper study of mankind! It was a valuable series which Mr. Howells began some time since, and which included Lord Herbert, the Margravine of Baireuth, Gibbon, Alfieri, Goldoni, Thomas Ellwood.

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This number contains 144 pages, besides the supplement, and includes five chapters of Mr. HOWELL'S new serial story, "The Undiscovered Country;" and Poems, Stories, and Essays, by MR. LONGFELLOW, GOLDWIN SMITH, MISS PHELPS, PROF. BOYESSEN, MISS WOOLSON, RICHARD GRANT WHITE, and others.

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APPROPRIATE MUSIC.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

Those who have thoroughly tested the subject will, we are certain, quite agree with us that one of the most difficult intellectual studies is the attempt to arrive at a satisfactory definition of a word. Its conventional signification is so generally accepted that we are rarely called upon to consider its correct meaning; and thus it is that, mistaking the relative for the absolute, we often, for example, use the word "true" unmindful of the fact that what is true in one age is false in another. We could of course multiply instances of this kind; but, confining ourselves at present to the subject of our article, let us think what is really meant when we say that certain surroundings are "appropriate" to the occasion. Assuredly, in a rough sense of the word, they may be appropriate to the event for which they are designed, but some particular circumstance, unknown or overlooked, may render them most "inappropriate." Two instances occur to us at this moment: At a wedding-breakfast a distinguished orator, who was staying in the village, but was entirely unacquainted with the family of the bride, was invited, and, thinking it probable that he might be called upon during the morning to display his powers, he partially prepared a speech "appropriate to the occasion." Gratified, as he anticipated, by being asked to "respond" to a toast, he at once credited the bridegroom with the possession of all the virtues under the sun; and, after warmly eulogizing the lady of his choice, expressed a wish that she might "imitate the example of her dear mother." At hundreds of weddings this little compliment might have been received with acclamations of delight; but as it unfortunately happened that the mother in early life had eloped with her husband's coachman, a dead silence ensued, to the utter discomfiture of the innocent and unsuspecting speaker. The inappropriateness of this circumstance was of course unknown. Now for the case in which it was overlooked. It was decided to give a dinner to a millionaire, who had in early life sold candles, oil, and birch-brooms. Various orations were to be given after dinner, and songs were introduced between the toasts; but unfortunately the vocal piece selected after the health of the hero of the evening was "Buy a broom," the very first line of which threw such a damp over the assembly that, pleading illness, the chairman vacated his place at an early hour.

Let it not be thought that we have one word to say against "appropriate music" in the highest sense. Works glorifying the various seasons of the year in imperishable notes have been bequeathed to us by the great composers of the world; and the "Messiah" of Handel, the "Christmas Oratorio" and "Passion Music" of Bach will remain as the most eloquent sermons that can be preached to intensify the events which they record. But the conventional method of selecting music which, having some kind of relation to the event for which it is chosen, is at once presumed to be "appropriate," reminds us too much of the shopkeeper, who being asked to supply a customer with something for a child to play with on Sundays, immediately recommended a Noah's Ark, because, he said, it was "mentioned in the Scriptures." The truth is that in our ordinary social intercourse we rarely think deeply enough upon these matters, and imagine that any music not glaringly "inappropriate" to an occasion must be "appropriate." An amateur singer, whose *repertoire* of vocal pieces is derived exclusively from the "music halls," is invited to a party, and casually hearing that there is to be "music," without troubling himself to inquire what kind of compositions are to form the staple of the programme, launches forth one of these effusions on the first opportunity, in the midst of a selection from the works of the classical writers. A lady, knowing

that there is to be "singing" during one of those friendly evenings gradually becoming more frequent in the present day, in her first song, by pathetically warbling about a dying child, who passed away on a Christmas-eve, the anniversary of which they are all met to celebrate, causes such an anguish of mind to two mothers in the room that not only are *they* debarred from any further pleasure, but also the many friends who knowing their bereavement, heartily sympathize with them. An ambitious pianist finding himself at a quadrille party, feels somewhat aggrieved that during the early part of the evening he has not been asked to play. At length the piano-forte is opened, and, understanding that there is now to be "music," and thinking, we presume, that all "music" must be alike welcome, on being requested to favor the company performs straight through two Preludes and Fugues of Bach, to the utter consternation of the hostess and the many "engaged" couples whose flirtations are thus heartlessly suspended. In these three examples—all of which are within our own knowledge—it will at once be seen that want of thought of, and not disregard for, the persons by whom they were surrounded was the cause of well-meaning individuals giving much pain and annoyance.

But there can be no doubt that at many of our public establishments the very attempt to perform "appropriate music" leads to most absurd results. Handel's "Water Music" during the playing of the fountain at the Crystal Palace, or his "Firework Music" during a pyrotechnic display, certainly cannot be termed "inappropriate," although of course there is nothing abstractedly suggestive of water in the former composition, or of fire in the latter; but when we hear of "appropriate music" played before the diners at a restaurant the term ceases to convey any definite meaning. We know of no air but "The roast beef of old England" which could in any manner illustrate the occasion; and the band could not play this all day long.

"Arrangers of music" at theatres know perfectly well what is signified by the word "appropriate" as applied to accompaniments for the dramatic action on the stage. Soft music for the entry of the heroine, mysterious and tremulous music for apparitions, demoniacal music for all the underground effects, and "hurries" for combats and struggles, are composed to order in an incredibly short space of time by a skillful workman; and the model is handed down from generation to generation with but little variation. Such compositions as these may of course pass unquestioned, and even perhaps almost unnoticed, in the dramas for which they are written; but "appropriate music" for higher works must be supplied by a higher intellect; and we can now scarcely think of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" without associating it with Mendelssohn's sympathetic illustrations.

Let us then, as we have already said, before we talk of "appropriate music" attempt to define what we really mean. As we have shown, compositions suited for one occasion are utterly unsuited for another. At a recent banquet, for example, given to the heroic defenders of Rorke's Drift, much was said, in replying to the toasts, not only about the valour of the army but about the stalwart defenders of our country at sea. And so, thinking it necessary to have some music in consonance with the event, a selection entirely vocal, was given from "H. M. S. Pinafore," in which, we need not remind our readers, everything relating to the navy is turned into rampant burlesque. Will not the many officers who were present agree with us, that never was "appropriate music" more "inappropriate"?—*London Musical Times.*

— • —
"EURIDICE" was the first opera ever composed. Rinuccini wrote it about the year 1550.



SMITH AND JONES.

Smith.—Jones, let's get rich!

Jones.—That's what I want to do, but I don't know how.

Smith.—Start a paper—a musical paper.

Jones.—How do you know you'd get subscribers enough to make it pay?

Smith.—Subscribers be blowed! You don't understand—Let's start a paper, blow hard about our monstrous circulation, almost piano manufacturers, call Tom, Dick and Harry liars. Don't you see it will be cheaper to buy our silence than to fight us in the courts; we'll get some money that way.

Jones.—Well, and then?

Smith.—Why, we'll abuse other parties—enlarge the paper, make a show of prosperity, build us fine houses, have fine wines and so forth; we'll get some more money.

Jones.—Well, then what?

Smith.—Add new departments to the paper, so as to be able to do the same thing with other professions; the dramatic, for instance. Thus we'll get some more money.

Jones.—That's a good scheme; but is it not risky?

Smith.—Risk nothing, make nothing! If bad come to worse, we can borrow enough from all those whom we shall have bulldozed to make us comfortable hereafter, and then, "the devil take the hindmost."

Jones.—You must find another partner—I might be the hindmost.

THEY have a telephone up at old Mr. Mardigan's, out on North Hill, and one evening last week, after they had been amusing themselves with it in the parlor, it was left on with all its connections. Young Mr. Posonby called to see Miss Arethusa that evening. They had been sitting silent for some time, and young Mr. Posonby had just taken her hand and said, with a soft, tender impassioned intonation, "Arethusa, each glittering star that gems the lambent sky, each golden-circled, soft-eyed hour of the—" and just then the telephone spoke up, in the big bass voice of old Mr. Mardigan: "By jocks, Maria, I'm about tired of sleeping in a night shirt ripped from the tail to the back of the neck, that hangs on a fellow like a pinata. I've spoke about this often enough, and if there ain't enough women around here to mend one night shirt, I'm going to sleep in a coffee sack."

THE habitues of a Parisian *cafe* had become quite accustomed to an old man who every evening between the hours of eight and nine o'clock appeared with a dilapidated clarinet under his arm; never offering to play, he simply solicited alms, and always retired as silently as he had entered. One evening a party of young gentlemen who had often ministered to his wants, being in a very jovial mood, seeing the old musician approaching, exclaimed:

"To-night you must play for us. Come give us a tune! Never have we heard you, though many the *sous* we have thrown in your hat."

The musician, visibly embarrassed, protested:

"Gentlemen, on my honor, you would not like it. I play too badly."

"Good or bad, play you must. Begin at once, we will overlook all mistakes."

"My dear kind *messieurs*, not to night. I do not wish to spoil your merry company."

In vain his pleadings, the party refused all excuses, peremptorily insisted on a sample of his skill. Seeing no escape, the old man stammered:

"Gentlemen, your pardon! I am an impostor. I cannot draw a sound from the instrument, and only use my clarinet as a weapon of terror."

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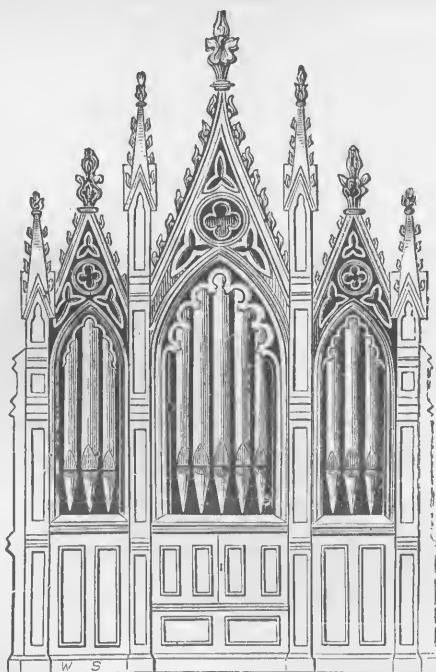
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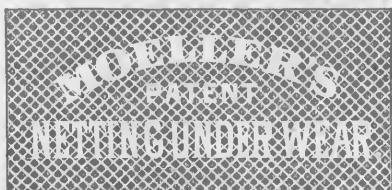
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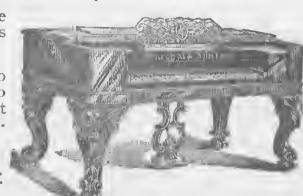
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